



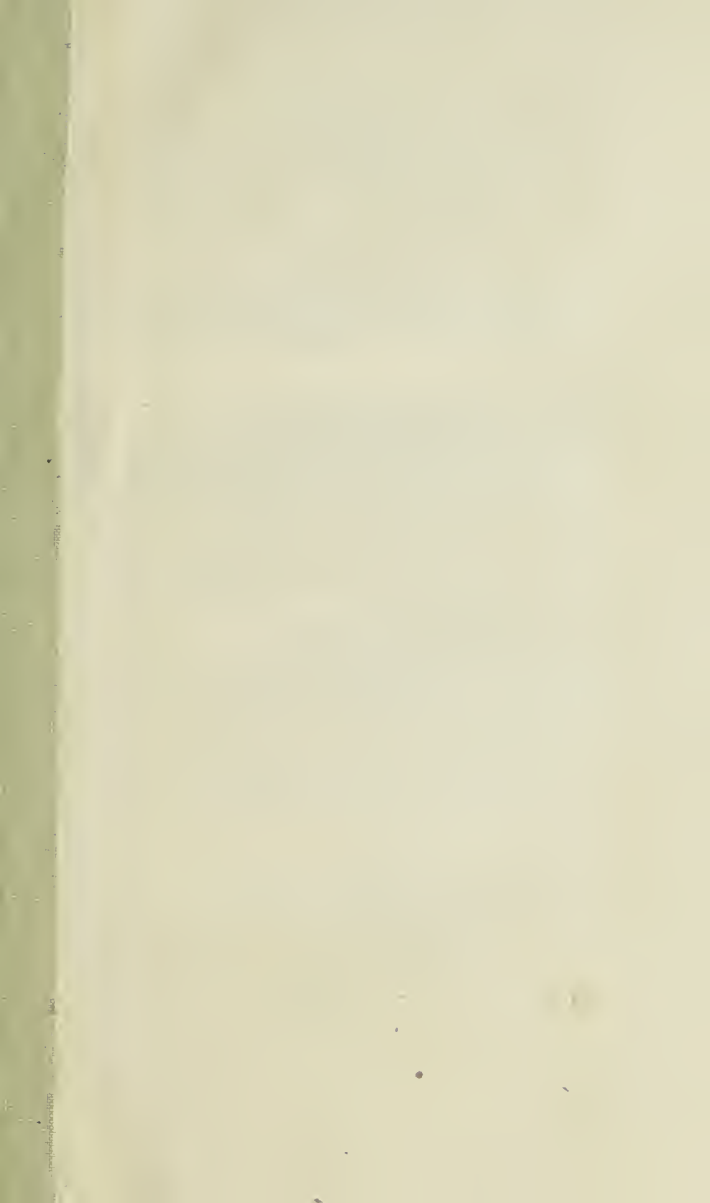
THE IDEAL MAN



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THE
IDEAL MAN;

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A
CONVERSATION BETWEEN TWO FRIENDS,
UPON
THE BEAUTIFUL, THE GOOD, AND THE TRUE,
AS MANIFESTED IN ACTUAL LIFE.

BY
A PHILOKALIST.

Wierzbicki, Felix P
— — —

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P R E F A C E .

Reader, have you ever been delighted with the contemplation of a landscape, and felt your soul connected by a mysterious link with nature around you? Have the sympathies of your heart ever been so entwined with those of a hero, as to feel that his noble sentiments and deeds were yours also? Have you felt your soul expand on your discovery of some truth? If you have experienced all this, and more, I need not plead before you the claims of the beautiful, the good, and the true, which I have endeavored here to twine into one thread of life in the ideal man.

If you should say that my attempt is a failure, I will say, yea; for who can depict with sufficient vividness, the glowing colors of the beautiful, the good, and the true? What eloquence, what a pencil is requisite for the task! Although the heart may feel, the tongue fails in expressing its emotions. But failure as it may be, I trust it is not a misrepresentation.

I leave to the intelligence of the reader, to bring all the parts together, so as to make out

the outline of the ideal man. The outline, as it exists in my mind, I believe, is complete in form, however deficient it may be in the finish of parts; and such I have here endeavored to represent it. The same spirit flows through the whole character; the tissue is woven of the same thread.

There may be found here some ideas, which, on account of their brevity, will appear to have been thrown in arbitrarily. But the canvas which I have chosen, would not allow of a farther extension; consequently, I have suggested the most prominent ideas only, omitting those by which they might have been supported. And if this can be perceived, so much the less necessary would they have been here. I believe I have stated nothing, which, at least in my opinion, I could not sustain by argument.

With this hasty introduction of the reader into the company of my two friends, I withdraw, that he may make their acquaintance at leisure.

F. P. W.

Providence, R. I., Nov. 1841.

THE IDEAL MAN.

CHAPTER I.

Is not this earth of ours fair, beautiful? exclaimed the enraptured Rudolph to his friend Conrad, while they were gazing at the scenery below. Is it not charming? Behold nature performing her concert within the sight of man! The sun, descending below the horizon, with his parting rays, kisses the serene moon and trembling stars; the clouds, crowding around his chariot, glow with gladdening warmth; the winds suspend their breath to watch his departure; the trees wave no longer; even the face of the earth looks solemnly calm; and from yonder mountains, night, stretching her wings, seems to spy out the luminary's course. What a sublime harmony! But you, my friend, plunged in your reveries, seem to be unconscious of all this.

Conrad. Not so, my friend; even your glowing words would be inadequate to express my feelings, if I could give them utterance. Your heart, filled with this sublime harmony of nature, would leap for

delight. You perceive no discord in it, for your eye sees but the beautiful, and your ear hears but the harmonious. Happy man! pleasures only are for you. Well may you be reconciled to your incompleteness as a man, when it is the result of a want of perception of the disagreeable. But, for all that, you are an incomplete man, since you see but one side of the picture.

Rud. But may I not accuse you of the contrary defect?

Con. That, you cannot seriously do; for you know me too well. My friendship for you alone, if there be nothing else, will clear me of such a charge. My heart is, at this moment, in unison with nature as much as your own; my emotions are expressed by the sigh that escapes this oppressed bosom, while yours are manifested by your ejaculation. I can exclaim with you, what a fair earth this is! But I will say more: it is a pity it should be the den of misery! Yes, this beautiful earth, on her verdant lap, nurtures harpies who, with their fiendish hissing, drown nature's melody. Man, amidst this concert, stands alone like a willful boy and blows his discordant reed; the whole creation chimes in, man alone excepted. The universe, bound with the chain of love, joyously moves to the strain of the eternal Artist; but man, giddy with his freedom, breaks loose the link embracing him, and furiously whirls round, to the confused accompaniment of his own capricious will.

Rud. Are you justified in bringing such an accusation against him? He may, in being such as he is, but obey the decrees of the Creator.

Con. Is he not conscious of what he does? He perceives the dissonance he makes in the universal harmony of creation; he feels in himself the capacity of joining in it, or disturbing it; and he knows what are the probable consequences of either course. Had not the Almighty left him free to choose, he could not disobey his decrees; he could not at pleasure keep out of, and return to, this circle of concord; he would harmonize with the rest of creation.

Though we cannot comprehend, fully, the motives God had in giving man freedom, yet, in our practical life, we never question its reality. I cannot conceive a high intelligence, without a certain degree of freedom in action. If I should deny his freedom, I should deny his intelligence also. The Creator has secured happiness to the brutes, by making them follow the same track implicitly; their intelligence being vastly inferior to that of man, they could not otherwise perceive wherein their happiness would be found. Could the Creator show himself more solicitous for their welfare than for that of man? So far as man's destiny merges into that of the universe, he is bound; but so far as it is individual, he is left free. Herein the Creator's particular goodness towards man is manifested; since misery is less galling to him when he himself is its cause, and happiness more extatic, when it is the fruit of his own

efforts: thus in misery he is made less miserable, and in happiness more happy. To enjoy perfect happiness, he needs to put himself in harmony with the universe; the internal light he has capacitates him for that end. Placed on this shore of eternity, he wanders, busily engaged in heaping pebbles, or in gathering, from amidst the sand, the glittering dust; and finding in this work but weariness and tears, he blasphemes the Almighty for his hard lot! Not on such conditions is his happiness to be secured. He must raise his head from the ground and look within himself; and there, in the depth of his own soul, he will behold a light, resplendent with the brightness of the Divinity, who fixed it there by his own hand, to light up man's path to happiness.

CHAPTER II.

Rud. I do not fully comprehend you. Yet, I am sufficiently interested in what you say, to desire an explanation of your views.

Con. To develope these ideas, as I conceive them, would tax your patience too much. They would grow upon my hands; I must draw, then, upon your indulgence. To be in harmony with the universe, is to follow this light, to the rays of which,

the inner eye of man is made permeable, and which, in the depth of his soul, shines with the tri-colored brilliancy of the beautiful, the good, and the true. These three ideas, mysteriously woven into the human soul, existing at the same time, each distinct in itself, and all in each, are the light of pure reason shining upon every path man may take. He who walks in it, inferior but to the Deity, walks in blessedness, delight, and happiness; full of love, faith, and hope: he is in harmony with the universe.

Rud. But who is he, who walks in the fullness of this heavenly light? Is there, or has there ever been one, even amongst the best or wisest of men, heathen or Christian? I say nothing of the mass of mankind, for they have always groped in the dark as they do now, and, as I fear, they ever will do. These questions naturally press upon my mind, for I am convinced of the reality of this light, and am wonder-struck with its purity, unequaled brilliancy, and beneficence. In it I see proofs of the divine nature of man; and yet I behold the human race, in spite of what Christianity has done to it, polluted, wallowing in gross darkness. Nay, I even hear self-complacency pompously proclaim this age enlightened! I believe each man receives this light as his heirloom, but I cannot comprehend the reason why darkness still prevails.

Con. Though we have had wise and good men, yet there is not one of them who has sought exclusively the path upon which this light shone. Some were

good only so far as they perceived *the good* within the narrow limits of every day's applicability; and disregarded the beautiful, or were incapable of apprehending the true. Others saw *the beautiful* only on the surface of things, but were indifferent to the true, and negligent of the good. And such there were, also, who apprehended *the true*, and they were wise; but the beautiful, and the good, had no charms for them. Never, as yet, were these three ideas at the same time developed and fostered in the same individual; and thus it happens that we have no man in full stature, though we abound in pigmies of various sizes.

I need not call up the spirits of the distinguished dead in order to furnish names to prove my assertions; Dr. Johnson might be one of them. Nor will I designate any of the living; you can spare me this trouble. Man has not yet learned to understand his dignity and destiny; he has not looked into himself. You need not marvel that Christians cannot show a full-sized man among themselves; even Sir Philip Sidney and Fenelon, though perhaps the highest, fall short. Could they but understand Christianity, the very essence of which is the beautiful, the good, and the true! They quarrel about words, not things or deeds; foment enmities amongst each other, as they think, for God's and truth's sake; shift and shuffle just to keep within the letter of the law. They feel the authority of Christianity over human nature, but they do not love it. When you animad-

vert against them, they call you an enemy to Christianity; so much do they wish to be considered identified with it. But Christianity and Christians are two different things; we must not identify what is divine in man with what is his own. Of Christianity, I speak always with profound reverence, but I spare not its professors, whose sensibility seems to be very exquisite. Men dread satire when their characters are doubtful in their own eyes. Man's ignorance frequently severs the connexion that exists between the beautiful, the good, and the true; and of this fault, narrow-minded religionists too often are guilty. To him who walks in this triple light, beauty rises like a phantom even from beneath unseemly surfaces; and he sees it more keenly, when by the vulgar eye it is scarcely noticed. This flame can be nourished but by unceasing efforts on man's part, without which it diminishes; it does not go out, however, but dwindles into a mere spark, yet existing just to accuse man before the Almighty of his negligence. Would man but reflect, he would see that there is in no condition, high or low, a thought or an action, from which he is permitted to exclude the rays of this light, without becoming a loser. Its degrees are infinite, nevertheless its unity is never broken: and upon howsoever unimportant a thought or act these fall, still they are beautiful in themselves, and because they are but a part of one brilliant whole—the triple manifestation, made intelligible to mortals, of the Deity's otherwise incomprehensible

attributes. These ideas cannot, and need not be fully developed in all men; nature herself does not do it in her own works: each of us has a different career to run in this world, and each will not have to think and act the same. The king, the peasant, and the priest, the profound philosopher, and the simple rustic, each can be perfect in his way, by unfolding that part of these ideas, which falls within his sphere; and thus, being a well-adjusted part of the whole, each would contribute to the complete development of the beautiful, the good, and the true in the human race. This is the destiny which the kind Creator offers to man, if only he be willing to accept it. To forward this glorious destiny, it is the sacred duty, the honorable calling of each, to put his shoulder to the wheel, each in his place; and then the social structure would rise in splendor to be the delight of even heavenly spirits. Then we shall have a man of full stature; and that one will be he, to whose lot the greatest task shall have fallen; who shall leave our great sires behind him, in intellect, sentiment, and deed: he will be *the* man. Then the human family could be truly happy; then, and not till then; for then, man would be in harmony with the universe. This is a bright vision! It is but a vision, I fear. Yet I am loth to leave it to descend to this miry earth. A few men, full of love, ardor, and perseverance, for the beautiful, the good, and the true, may individually unfold in themselves these ideas to great perfection; but the mass of

mankind, I am grieved to confess, will dream on, and doze away their existence in ignoble sloth. Man's wilfulness is in the way of his progress, his happiness. It labors to extinguish the heavenly flame in his bosom; it not only prevents his eye reaching beyond the physical horizon, but even, while thus confined, his sight is dimmed by its shadows. He must learn first to conquer *man the animal* by *man the spirit*, before he can have claims to happiness; he must fondly love the beautiful, the good, and the true.

CHAPTER III.

Rud. Why should you damp these holy aspirations with doubts of the high capacities of our nature? Can you not trust to it, and to a kind Providence? There may be a way, a means, by which man may, in part, at least, attain this noble end.

Con. I have good grounds for both hope and fear, and am not able to decide in which I should indulge most. Looking back into past ages, as far back as human traditions reach, you frequently find man below the level of brutes. Consider the many ages that have rolled by, and his present imperfect condition, and you are made to doubt his great

capacities; the dawning hope of his progress is obscured by the apprehensions, which his willfulness, his gross vices, and his ignorance, call forth. The high idea you form of man's powers of intellect and feeling, when you look at him as an individual, vanishes when you cast your eyes upon the masses; and mistrust in his nature succeeds to this gladdening vision of hope. Yet, man may rise at least to his primitive perfection. We cannot suppose him, when he left the Creator's hands, to have been so degraded as human records find him; for it would be impugning the Deity's wisdom: he must have been as perfect, physically and morally, as was consistent with the Almighty's design—a work worthy of his hands. For, how could you reconcile God's wisdom and goodness, with man's indestructible greatness as an intelligence, and his cœexistent debasement, from which he has scarcely emerged? His progress, slow as it is, sufficiently indicates his previous fall, and these both assure us, of his having once held an elevated position, among the works of the Creator. And here Christianity puts forth her peculiar claims to the merit of regenerating the human race. Greek and Roman culture did not present any motive beyond this earthly existence for man's progress. It bore the germ of destruction within itself, for it was earthy. Its beacon, being planted low, could easily be obscured by this world's contingencies, and thus disappear from before the human eye. But Christianity, directing man's eye up to heaven,

and there securing him a heritage, has pointed at the infinite perfection he should strive to attain, and thereby deserve everlasting bliss. Thus fixing man's gaze on his immutable guiding star, the Deity's perfection, he has elevated his reason and feeling, and made the possibility of his progress secure. He must first, however, comprehend the spirit of Christianity, before he can indulge in this pleasing hope. She opens to him an interminable vista of progress, with which his sight shall be gladdened, on the condition he cherishes devout love for the beautiful, the good, and the true. As yet, scarcely can he be said to have done anything to foster this love; neither his education when a child, nor his conduct when grown, testify it. Man's ingenuity could not devise better means to defeat the end for which he was created, than those, which his folly causes him to adopt in seeking happiness. His education frustrates its own ends, on the very outset of his career; for the child's intellect is cultivated at the expense of his affections. And thus, he is only made more fit for evil than for good.

The mass of men are swayed by feeling rather than by intellect; the latter is made subservient to the former. It is important, therefore, that man should have right feelings, which, without assiduous cultivation, cannot be matured. The intellect never suffers from the high cultivation of the feelings; on the contrary, they enlarge it; but the feelings suffer too frequently from neglect. Man is a sentient

being before he is an intelligent one; his feelings manifest themselves in their strength long before his intelligence matures; for nature designed that the full development of the mind should succeed to that of the body. He, who strives to reverse this order of nature, is no wiser than he who builds upon sand: this is the case with the present method of education. Man's feelings should be early attuned to harmony, with the unfolding mind; otherwise they will run riot and defy its supremacy.

Rud. I have already learned that, contrary to what should be expected, neither the knowledge of a science or art, nor extensive learning, makes man better or happier. I was inclined to look for the cause of this in the prevailing method of education, without, however, being able to point at a peculiar fault in it; but since you have expressed to me your opinion, I seem to perceive more clearly what renders all efforts at the cultivation of man so nugatory. Please unfold to me more of your ideas upon this subject. I expect it will be but the shadowing forth of the three ideas in which you have interested me so much. I should like to know what means you would use, first to awaken them in man, and then to subdue him to them.

CHAPTER IV.

Con. From the time man first beholds the light of day to his last hour, he should be under those external influences calculated to call out his nobler feelings: the influences of nature and the fine arts. They are the mystic fingers that touch only harmonious chords of the human soul. Lead the child into the field, when fair spring attires the earth in her bridal robe of velvet green, spangled with beautiful flowers; when the smile of gratitude to her Creator plays upon the face of nature; let him then listen to the chants of the joyous birds, the rustling of the leaves, the murmur of the brook; let him listen in the magic stillness of the grove, and his soul, overflowing with delight, will instinctively seek for the mysterious author of this harmony, to testify to him her love and homage. Or let him witness the heavens when emitting the roaring thunder; and while, in his native simplicity, he imagines that his heavenly Father is angry, he falls upon his knees in awe and humility. Here he will receive an impression, never to be obliterated, of his own dependence and the Almighty's power; and his imagination, entranced by the sublimity around him, will open his soul to this inexpressible delight. Or when listening to the solemn moaning of the heaving sea, or to the howlings of autumnal winds that rock

the summits of stately trees, a responding chord will vibrate in his heart, teaching him the deep meaning of nature's music; and holy aspirations will unconsciously escape his bosom heavenward. But, at whatever time we seek nature's company, she always speaks to us symbolically; she never corrupts the heart, but makes it better. The child sees in her a kind and playful mother, the man finds her a wise and loving admonisher, and both, the more they commune with her, are the more won to her. When we stand in her presence, all that is low and discordant in us, is hushed; but the disinterested, the noble, the lofty feelings, rise like an incense to the Creator.

Thus gently, nature fans the sacred spark in man's breast. But what a contrast to this does the man, reared on the lap of artificial life, present. You will in vain look in him for a serene brow, open countenance, disinterested, generous heart, lofty aims. Shut up within the narrow walls of his work-shop, he delights only in the whistling of the spindle, and the sound of the hammer: his eye knows no beauty of color but the hue of gold, his ear knows no music so sweet as the chink of the almighty dollar. Or if he be a pampered child of luxury, as his body is puny and sickly, so you will find his soul. Art is only noble inasmuch as it keeps close to nature; but when it deviates from her, it is then enervating to both the mind and body; then it is base and worthless. If nature once win

the heart of the child, the chain of affection, that binds him to her, will often vibrate on the ear of the man, when he runs the erratic career of the world, to reclaim him to her bosom, where he can find rest and happiness. To this truth, Rudolph, you yourself can bear witness, for how often, when disgusted with the sordidness and hard-heartedness of men in cities, did you fly to nature to seek peace for your sickened soul! There, in a still evening, when seated beneath your favorite tree, and watching the declining sun, you gave yourself up to communion with nature, what pleasures have you drunk in in an hour! and your soul, losing for the while the consciousness of its frailty, felt pure, as if just descended from the celestial abodes. Thousands tread the same ground with you, yet they are strangers to these feelings, for nature opens her fountains of delight only to her docile children. The love of nature in the child, will hush the discordant accents of low passions, and awaken kindness, consideration, sympathy, and benevolence to his kind, and all around him; these receiving the sanction of his progressing intellect, will become the rule of his life. But of how different an aspect is man's conduct at present! If you take his action to be the right interpreter of his thought, you would say, he considers these elevating feelings as so many thieves of his happiness; though he would blush to assert this in words. Where is the parent, who prefers to see his child grow in goodness and in kind affections, rather

than be skilled in human knowledge? Does he rejoice more when his child manifests sympathy for the suffering, love for the pure and beautiful, than when it can count two and two? Or is there a school, where a child receives the meed of approbation from its teacher, for an act of generosity, rather than for its scholarship? Sad, sad is the deficiency, indeed! The very basis of education is false. It is more easy to be versed in knowledge permitted to man, than to be good, high-minded, refined in feeling and in taste. The latter qualities are more essential to our happiness than the former; they are, however, not inconsistent with each other; and yet, greater pains are taken to store the child's mind with knowledge, than to fill its heart with noble sentiments; just as if those could grow to great perfection without any culture. The human race, comparatively speaking, has already more knowledge than elevated feelings; we have more wise, or I should rather say, knowing, than high-minded men. Knowledge, accompanied by nobleness of feeling, allies us to heavenly spirits; without it, to the evil ones. He who is capable of disinterested devotion to his fellow-man, deserves better of society, than he who can solve a problem, or invent a machine; he justly merits the civic crown, that the high-minded Romans were, on some occasions, wont to bestow. He who completely subdues his evil propensities, may be said to perform a Herculean labor, since the summit of perfection is steep and high. To the influence that the sight

of nature will exert upon the child, we must add a good example in our own conduct. Avoid by all means calling out from its breast the low passions of the human heart; breathe to it but kind words, even when you see the necessity of reproof; show that you are not influenced by anger, but by love. Acquaint the child in a manner fitting its capacities, with the eminent virtues of those men who have been the ornament of the human race. Never omit an opportunity from which you can draw for him a living moral lesson.

CHAPTER V.

In this way, the youth with whom you were the other day so much delighted, was brought up. I mean Henry, the son of Mrs. Stanley, an incarnation of perfection, who has honored me with her friendship for many years. This youth, who is now fifteen years old, has not yet been away from his mother's care; and what he knows, he learns rather by play than rote, in conversation with his parents and teacher. His mother intends to send him to the university, where she wishes he should remain, till he is twenty-five years old, that he may be well grounded in varied knowledge, and become a ripe scholar; but,

as yet, she says, she will wait a while till, to use her language, the buds of virtue fairly put forth. You have noticed how ready he is to oblige you and show you proper regard. On your entrance into the room, as the youngest in the company, he was the first to get up to offer you his chair; and how gracefully he did it! His becoming modesty is not bashfulness, and his gentleness is not timidity. In his address to his colleagues he is always civil; to the elder he is even deferential, and never obtrusive. When in the company of his elders, he is an attentive listener; speaks only when spoken to, or when he is inquiring for the sake of information; never offers his own opinion of his own accord, as ill-bred youth are apt to do, but when he is asked for it, and then he expresses himself without conceit. He never repeats before others what he has heard in company, that may concern any one personally, nor does he invent stories. From his very look, you would take him to be of patrician blood, so stamped is it with grace and gentility; yet he is unconscious of it; nor would his parents allow him to be told of it. The children of vulgar-minded parents are not unfrequently made acquainted with their own superiority above the poorer; hence they acquire arrogance of manner. But Henry is told, notwithstanding his being a son of one of the most distinguished families in the country, that he is not above any boy in the street, only better inasmuch as he is more virtuous and more wise; thus he shows no pretension to dignity,

and is affable and engaging to all. In his language, you perceive simplicity and elegance combined with purity of feeling and appropriateness of thought and word. All this is owing to his hearing at his parents' house, only elegant language; to his having been instructed in the analytical knowledge of his mother tongue, and to his being made familiar with the sayings and doings of distinguished men of all countries and ages. These are the principal means by which his parents wished to awaken and give activity to his mind; for, with the exception of a little arithmetic and geography, his mind has not been burthened with any study; he knows the sciences merely by their names. I should, however, add, that he learns the French and German languages, in which he has made some proficiency, since he can speak them both a little. Children ought early to be instructed in modern languages, so as to be able to converse in them, say his parents, and thus the most tedious task, (since the study of languages is such, as it tires the memory of grown people,) is overcome with greatest ease, to the no small satisfaction of the man, who thus finds himself in possession of the keys to new worlds of thought and feeling, where he will lose his narrow-minded national prejudices. This is a very good discipline for young minds, since the transposition of their thoughts from one language into another, is more interesting to them, than a grave scientific speculation; and here they acquire the mental activity so important in their

mature years. Besides, there is some truth in Sir William Jones's observation, that man is as many times man, as the number of languages he knows. As for the ancient languages, his parents consider them of secondary importance; for, say they, the experience of the ancients is limited, and so is their wisdom; though what there is of it, is good and worthy of our attention. Yet all their wisdom, and more, can be found in modern languages. They intend, however, he should learn even these languages, but not till he goes to the university, where pedagogues will do ample justice to the ancients. I have not yet mentioned all about this charming youth. He is instructed on the violin by his elder brother, who is an excellent musician, and on the piano by his sister; but his instruction is mere pastime to him; he likes it, and his parents encourage him so much the more, since music elevates the heart. He who cannot feel the deep pathos of the eloquent violin, or its innocent effervescence of gaiety, must indeed suffer his humanity to be questioned. Henry is also instructed in riding on horseback; his father, who is himself a good horseman, delights in training him to this manly pastime; and he is in favor of all manly exercises, for they develope the body and give it grace. He would have all boys skilled in horsemanship, and particularly the sons of a gentleman. Henry's parents will have him instructed in the art of fencing, not because they approve of duelling, far from it, but because it is par-

ticularly calculated to give strength and graceful development to the body; and for the same reason he takes lessons in dancing. This latter improves the symmetrical development of the body, by adding peculiar graces of stature both in rest and motion. His parents are indeed very strenuous advocates of the graces, and their advantages are always enforced upon him, whether he sits, walks, or stands. He would never be suffered to sit with his legs lifted up, in that nondescript style as sometimes seen with us, or crossed upon each other, and making that un-geometrical triangle; nor to tip the chair, nor to throw himself about in it, or stretch his arms both ways, as if on a cross. He walks erect and unconstrained, with a firm and elastic step; if he stands, he chooses an easy and graceful attitude. In whatever he does, his parents insist upon his paying court to the graces; even his least gesture is not endured if it be rustic or clownish. The most trifling impropriety escapes not his parents' notice; once he yawned in that vulgar way, that opens the mouth wide to inspection; and he was instantly told of the rusticity of the manner, and, for the future, was bid to endeavor to suppress the sleepy inclination, or at least to cover his lips either with a handkerchief, or simply with a hand, because it is a disagreeable sight to others, and brings upon them the same propensity. He is frequently reminded that the refined habits and graces acquired in youth, with a little effort, are practiced without any, in after life, and

are ever the source of pleasure to others, and satisfaction to ourselves. The want of these charms always betrays a plebeian disposition of the mind. Above all his qualities, I must mention the filial love and deference for the aged with which he is imbued ; for these are sure guarantees of the virtue of a good citizen. His parents' will is a law to him, which his affection for them makes light ; the parents, however, are reasonable in their demands upon his dutifulness. There are several reasons for which youth should show proper regard to the more advanced in years : out of consideration to their parents to whom they are or may be companions, or friends ; because they may be supposed to have acquired some merits in society ; they may have more know'edge and experience than the young ; because, if they be aged and decrepid, it is low to insult infirmity ; but it is high-minded to administer pleasure to those whom years deprive of many of its sources ; because we ourselves may arrive at that stage of life and require the same that is now demanded of us, and we would be sorry to find disrespect, if not contempt, as the wages of our early insolence. Give them what you would ask for. Proper deference for the elder is the link which binds in harmony the growing with the declining generation ; without it, society must witness the jar of impudence and disdain. But this deference implies not servility ; the young man, if he feel himself to be right, need not sacrifice his own independence of mind, but his manners must be ever con-

ciliating and courteous to the elder. The latter must not be imperative and selfish, indulging in his whims, but kind and condescending, willing sometimes to excuse the follies of youth, and mingle with them in their pastimes, in order not to lose hold upon their affections, and present, by his example, the encroachments of ill-breeding. The former, should seek the company of the elder, to profit from the lessons of experience, which should be kindly proffered.

I cannot forbear to relate to you an interesting anecdote of this youth, which I have from his father. Meek as he appears, he is lion-hearted in a good cause. When but twelve years old, he gave evidence of this. While at play with other boys, one of them was unjustly ill-treated by a stronger one, whose cause a few more embraced. The injured boy stood trembling for fear of the little rascals, when Henry comes to range himself at his side, and defy the violence of the rest. Not frightened by the blows to which he exposed himself, he takes the boy under his protection and leads him safely home. Then, exalted with success, he runs to his mother to tell what he had done. The mother listened to the little hero with tears of joy, and pressing him to her bosom, kissed him, saying, "Oh, grow, my son, for thy parents' happiness!"

Crystals of affection trickled down his rosy cheeks, and, in all the simplicity of a child, he answered, "Yes, dear Mother, I will." Fortunate is the child

whose mother early inculcates the principle of the truth, that disinterestedness is the purest source of human felicity. I doubt not but these worthy parents will attain their aim in the education of their son, which is to make him a well-bred man. The mark at which they aim is the highest; for, according to them, he is a thoroughly well bred man who, to an extensive intellectual culture and elevated sentiments, joins quick perception of the delicate in feeling, and outward graces of person; the two latter constitute polished manners, the two former cultivated mind.

Rud. I am very thankful to you for the sketch you have made of this charming youth, for I am gratified to find some of my notions upon education verified in him. By first securing the health of the body, we prepare the youth to endure intellectual labor with ease in his mature years. In my estimation, there could not be a better plan devised to give activity and a degree of ripeness to the mind, and infuse the love of knowledge into the young, than the one in question; since here, study is not made wearisome to the child. As for making the culture of feeling the most prominent feature of early education, I should question the sanity of the understanding that could doubt its paramount importance. At no time can outward graces be so easily acquired and enforced as in youth; their charms and importance are only undervalued by those who possess them not. Notwithstanding what Lord Chesterfield

says to the contrary, I think the accomplishment of music is very desirable for a well bred man, as he has the means of giving pleasure to others ; and besides, beguiling many an hour, he cultivates the finer susceptibilities of his own soul. I like the idea that Schiller has of music ; it is to this effect, that a people who have music are capable of the highest degree of cultivation. Thus having expressed to you my opinion and thanks, I must remind you, that you have not performed what you intended on the outset. I mean you have not yet spoken of the influence of the fine arts. The pleasure your opinions give me, tempt me to insist upon your performing your promise ; and I am sure your kindness will overlook this little selfishness in me.

CHAPTER VI.

Con. When I mentioned that the fine arts should be made instrumental in the education of man, I meant, rather, that they should not be overlooked in the culture of a people as a mass. For education should not end with the young ; after man gets through the school of youth, he enters that of manhood. Music excepted, the other fine arts exert their influence upon man in a decided manner, only when his intel-

lect is mature ; it is then, the grown, who are particularly the fit subjects to be acted upon by them ; though the young ought to be made to feel their beneficence, and acquire love for them as soon as possible. Music has universal sway over human nature ; it can mould man's feelings while he is yet in the cradle ; but architecture, sculpture, painting, require an already active intellect to feel their grandeur, beauty, and fascination. There are no people who owe so much to the fine arts as the ancient Greeks.

Of them we may say, that they have created these arts, and in their turn were themselves modelled by them. The bright era of Pericles has not yet reappeared amongst any people ; and these utilitarian, money-getting times of ours, do not augur that it will ever shine upon the moderns. How desirable it were that we should be able to say, in these days, as it was said of the Athenians, that the people are the fittest judges of the fine arts ! Such a high degree of culture, if it ever be attained, is very distant from us.

It would be worthy the efforts of a modern republic to bring it about. But our legislators are too narrow-minded, too short-sighted, to create and sustain this beneficent influence ; and the people are yet too gross to demand it at their hands ; they both are blinded by Mammon, and they cannot value what does not bring in return, dollars and cents. But to return to my purpose ; of all the arts, I should consider architecture as the most capable of exerting

a great influence upon the people. Not less justly than beautifully, does Madame De Staël call it "frozen music," for it is akin to real music; in the latter, the harmony of numbers speaks aloud to the outward ear; in the former, it is solemnly silent, to all but the inmost soul. Architecture is an embodiment of the sense of the sublime of humanity, and a monument to the genius of the people among whom it flourishes. It is also a reflex of their character. Show me the architecture of a people, as it is in their private and public buildings, and I will pronounce upon their character. The first attempts in it, were as simple and full of meaning, as the feelings that prompted man to them were unutterable. When he is overcome by feeling, either his utterance fails him completely, or but a few words escape his lips; and so, when he beheld the grandeur of nature around him, his emotions found an expression but in a huge stone, which he planted, as an emblem of the greatness and power of the Deity before whom he bowed. Not less sublime than simple an utterance was this rough-hewn pillar of his emotions, of awe and reverence for his God. But soon man's intellect found means to rear a stupendous temple, as a more fit emblem of the greatness of the God of nature, and of the profoundness of his reverence for Him. The Hindoo and Egyptian sacred edifices, that have escaped the leveling hand of time to this day, bear witness to man's sublime conception of the Deity. As these enormous

masses of stone, piled up in gigantic proportions, were but expressions of the sensations of the sublime, so they never failed to impress the beholder with the same sentiment. Among the Greeks, architecture was stamped with the same character, though somewhat modified. Here, what it had lost in grandeur, it had gained in chasteness of execution and elegance of proportion; for then the human mind had recovered from its first bewilderment, and sought also for the beautiful where it found the sublime; and strove to combine them. The three Greek orders mark, sufficiently, the changes that were wrought in the human mind. Chasteness, the attribute of simplicity, and purity, characterizes the Doric; in the Ionic, elegance receives a slight tinge of voluptuousness, while the Corinthian reflects the refined sensualism of its originators, ever seeking for choicest pleasures. The Composite testifies to the pampered taste of the Roman voluptuary, who cares less for the quality than the quantity of his pleasures; while the Tuscan is its very opposite, truly an emblem of republican simplicity. In the Gothic, we see the character of the untutored Goth, with less refinement than depth of feeling. His northern climate gave somewhat a sombre hue to his thoughts and feelings, which, when become elevated and chastened by Christianity, he uttered in his own peculiar manner. In this order of architecture, the fashioning hand of the artist appears to labor under constraint, yet succeeds in embodying a gloomy grandeur, relieved by

the bright hopes of heaven, to which the tapering spire points. Whatever may be the state of architecture at present in civilized countries, it is always but an awkward copy of the past; it is wanting in originality, and yet, withal, impressed with the spirit of the age, the *would-be* character,—pretensions without real merit. This may seem to you an extravagant assertion; but, if you reflect a little, you will find it to be nearer the truth than it appears at first.

The lofty aim of the fine arts, should be the elevation of the human mind. Architecture is well adapted to this purpose; for nothing excites so readily, even in the mind of a savage, the idea of sublimity, as a vast and finely wrought edifice. And as often as man's bosom is dilated by the sublime, so often he approaches the infinite, leaving all low aspirations behind him. The Greeks showed their wisdom in profusely adorning their country with splendid public edifices, while their private dwellings were models of republican simplicity. The moderns show their folly in not heeding the influences that architecture may exert upon a people. Whatever can contribute to the charming aspect of a country, fastens upon our imagination and rivets our affections to it; and thus patriotism steals upon us. Though it cannot be denied, that there were other causes that fostered patriotism, in the heart of a Greek or a Roman, yet the influence of sacred and monumental architecture must be considered as one of them. Monuments to

the *worthy* dead, besides charming us with their intrinsic beauty, speak to us of the virtues of the departed, and kindle in our bosoms an honorable rivalry. Thus these silent preceptors may become very successful in elevating the character of a people; and this should be the aim of architecture.

CHAPTER VII.

The sculptor should propose to himself the same noble aim. He should not prostitute his skill upon some indifferent subject; the noble, the grand, should be his theme. While beauty and grace start from beneath his chisel, he should strive to diffuse throughout the outlines of the marble some elevated sentiment, so that the beholder may fancy he hears it uttered by the statue; a task, which none but a genius may execute. Limited as the sphere of sculpture is, its influence upon the human heart is great; great in proportion as the feelings which the artist personifies can awaken its sympathies. Painting is more favored in the extent of its influence, for it is as vast as nature; yet in its immediate effects upon the beholder, it is not so powerful as sculpture. The former pleases and fascinates, the latter excites, and even, if I may be allowed the expression, throws

into our bosom, a firebrand of the same feelings with which itself is glowing. The story of the French girl, who became violently enamored with the Apollo Belvedere, corroborates this opinion. The rude savage would be more impressed by a statue than by a painting of equal merit. Painting may be said to administer particularly to a more cultivated taste, that seeks gratification, not only in the delicacy, but in the variety of its objects. Sculpture creates taste, painting refines upon it; the former moves, the latter titillates. The reason of this difference in the effect must be in the palpability, or, if I may so express it, in the massive reality of the statue, and the deceptive surface of the canvas; for that will please us more which can act upon the greatest number of senses. If we are pleased with anything, a natural propensity leads us to touch it, to handle it, as it is plainly seen in children; and this we can do in sculpture, but not in painting. When we behold a finely-wrought statue, in which an idea is vividly embodied, it pleases us, and by touch we may both verify and enhance the pleasure. And, in fact, the sense of touch is the supreme judge in our most exquisite pleasures; proving the reality of an object, it measures the degree of pleasure we receive by its delicacy. The enchanting pleasure that music is capable of administering to us, may depend upon this delicacy. For the undulating air, set in motion by the vibrating chord, strikes with greater or less degree of force, one of the most delicate struc-

tures, the tympanum of the ear. Though commonly the modes of receiving impressions through the senses of touch and hearing are considered as distinct; yet, there is, you will acknowledge, sufficient analogy, to justify me in giving here a greater latitude to the meaning attached to the touch.

CHAPTER VIII.

How little is music, the purest of our delights, the most incorruptible, the holiest of influences that sway the human heart, understood in its nature! There are even some dumb souls of religionists, who class it with frivolous pleasures. Dumb must they be, indeed! Many composers, mere mechanical journeymen, not comprehending the spirit of the art, have undoubtedly contributed much to retard the taste for its divine enjoyments, by giving currency to false notions as to the character it should possess; and thus we have but very few fit judges of its merits. Music is the child of our feeling. The human voice was the first to embody it; then came the instrument to refine and extend the power of utterance, which the varied and multiplied emotions of the heart demanded. The power of the human voice is limited

to the more simple and gentle feelings of the heart ; it can move us, it can draw tears, but goes no farther. It is because the voice is so much in unison with these feelings that, in the incipient stage of musical taste, vocal music pleases us more than instrumental. To such a taste a simple ballad is more pleasing than a masterly overture. Yet vocal music may advance a step farther, and then it enters into the province of instrumental—as is the case with the opera or Italian style of singing, which cannot please all, unless their taste be equally cultivated. Instrumental music cannot move us to tears, or at least seldom does, for it carries us farther, where the excess of feeling keeps the eye dry ; calling up unutterable sensations in successive tumults, it throws us in a trance, where, for the while, absorbed in the pleasure, we even may lose the consciousness of existence. True music, I mean music that affects, not mere jumble of sounds, that some please to call music, has four distinct traits. It may cause in us uxuberance of joy, or animate us with a violent emotion ; it may soothe and tranquilize discordant passions, and throw us into soft melancholy ; or it may call up that successive change of feeling, which always pleases and always varies, yet never rises above a certain degree, but, like the waves of a gentle current,

“Now heave now fall,
And mingling still flow on.”

A good composition must always approach more or less to these characteristics ; the nearer it comes to

any of them, the more perfect it is. The composer must be inspired with an idea, and that must pervade the whole composition; it must be its soul. Harmony and melody may cluster in greater or less profusion, but the idea moulds them, unites them, and gives them life. Spirit should fashion the production of the artist be they what they may; when he abandons the idea of his inspiration, he descends from his high seat and becomes a mere mechanician. It is a prerogative of creative power to stamp its productions with its own character, as the works of the Almighty testify; and in proportion as that power is granted to man, should the artist's productions bear the seal of his own creative spirit. Nay, I should go even farther, and apply the same rule to man's works and conduct in general; mindful of his dignity as man, all that he does should be a reflex of his lofty ideas.

CHAPTER IX.

Rud. I am gratified to find that your opinions upon the fine arts coincide with mine; and what I am about to add, may be said to have been taken from your lips, for, I am sure, you will agree with me. I would remark, that the judge in the arts, must

comprehend the spirit with which you would have the artist animated. No one is competent to sit in judgment upon the productions of the artist, unless he have this spirit in his own bosom, though creative power may be denied him; for it is the same spirit that, beholding works of genius, recognizes itself in them and admires them. And the same may be said of the musical performer. He is a mere tinkler who is incapable of kindling in his own breast, the same flame which animated the composer; each chord should respond to his own feeling. But the skill necessary for the good execution of a musical composition, eludes the power of description, for it includes a susceptibility to the nicest shade of emotion; yet, if a correct taste guide us, we seldom fail to recognize it on beholding it in action. Although, when he is pouring out streams of melody, the performer be deeply agitated within, the outward man is calm and collected; like a volcano whose sides heave not, though it throw forth torrents of turbulent fire.

As you seem drawing towards a close, permit me to ask you, whether there are no other manifestations of the beautiful, but those which you have mentioned, since I have always maintained that there are.

Con. The influence of the fine arts does not stop here; the beautiful is manifested in other ways besides those which I have mentioned, as you will see that this must be the case, from my definition of the fine arts.

The fine arts aim to imitate nature in embodying the idea of the beautiful, each in their respective manner. Hence to painting, sculpture, and architecture, you must add oratory, poetry, dancing and gardening. Scarcely may we be allowed to separate oratory from poetry, since what is truly beautiful in it, is poetic; yet, as their application sometimes differs, we may, for the sake of convenience, regard them as distinct. The elements and the conception of what is poetic, are never extinguished in the race. With a greater or less intensity, it will glimmer even through the darkest veil of ignorance. It elevates the race above the brute creation, and affiliates it to higher natures. To me, the poetic element is the best argument in favor of the immortality of the soul; it penetrates the crust of the material world, and sheds a ray of hope, promising better destinies for the race hereafter. It buoys up the soul, even when it seems to be engulfed in sense. It is the spiritual lever destined to make the human race rise to the highest degree of civilization and perfection. Though assuming various phases, yet, it ever was and is active in the human soul; the rudest tribes even, are blessed with its beneficent influence. Could man but apprehend its character, and follow its impulses, happiness would not be so empty a word as he now finds it to be. You may think by what I have said, that I am going to sentimentalize. No—sickly sentimentality finds no harbor in my bosom; it is a noxious weed of rich soils, and spreads only

where the hand of a skilful cultivator has not been applied. True sentiment differs as much from sentimentality, as a living spring from a standing pool; the one is limpid and refreshing, the other turbid and deadly. Oratory and poetry being subjective, or drawing their materials from within the human heart, are vast in their influence for good or evil, according as they happen to be used; but, when rightly appreciated and directed, their importance in the culture of a people, cannot be over estimated. By oratory and poetry, I do not mean merely declamation and the art of rhyming; these both are a mere outward shell, too often empty of its living kernel, or a garb in which the poetic may be dressed. True poetry is not less so, though in the disguise of prose. In addition to dancing, I consider all graceful motions of the body, as pertaining to the fine arts. The motions of the body are but another language; each gesture, each movement, is a word having its import. Grace is to the motions of the body, what clearness and sweetness of utterance is to speech; the former is as necessary to be acquired as the latter, for both are indications of refinement. Where graceful and appropriate motions of the body are associated with speech, the language becomes more forcible, and the hearer yields his assent almost irresistibly. The graces of the body never fail in enlisting our good will in favor of their possessor; often even against our better judgment; and we not unfrequently feel repulsed from a person whose only

misfortune is to be forsaken by the graces. As for dancing, I should define it to be an expression of the exuberance of the animal spirits. It is as irrational to exclude it as to countenance an excessive indulgence in it. A rational indulgence in this kind of exercise is healthful both to the mind and body ; grace, however, must not be here overlooked ; for it is the poetic in motion. The extent of the influence of gardening, as a fine art, upon man's culture, is rarely thought of, although it is so obvious. That it is pleasant and useful, all will concede ; but its higher claims are not recognized. This whole earth is itself a garden, laid out by the hand of Omnipotence. The garden shaped by the human hand should be an imitation of it, as far as human skill can make it so. It should be, so to speak, nature pictured in the *camera obscura* of a few acres. The magnificent should be mingled with the beautiful. As a splendid landscape delights the eye and elevates the soul, so would also a garden shaped by the poetic conception of genius. Individuals can conceive, but their resources seldom can accomplish such a work ; communities may have the means to execute it, but they are rarely susceptible of the noble conceptions of which it will be the embodiment. Until spiritual wealth be considered more important than material wealth, as well to individuals as to communities, we cannot hope that this art will be cultivated for the benefit of the public. Until that time we must expect to see the population of our

cities continue in brutal blindness to the beauties of nature, and ignorant of the sentiments which they are calculated to inspire.

CHAPTER X.

Rud. Finding you so indulgent to me, I am emboldened to propose to you a new task. You have mentioned to me Mrs. Stanley, and her son Henry, in such terms, that I could not help taking in them a lively interest. You have not, however, half satisfied my curiosity in respect to them. Be good enough to give me a particular account of the family. It is but right that you should satisfy the curiosity, which you yourself have excited, especially when it happens to be so laudable. But even this is not all; I have another request to make. The more I hear you speak on education, the more I desire to become familiar with your views upon it. Thus far you have merely given me a general outline of the subject. You know I like details; do not then refuse to give me a more extended view of your notions upon education. Do first which ever you please, but I am not disposed to release you from fulfilling both my requests.

Con. You seem to overlook the difficulty of the

task you propose to me. It will not be easy for me to acquit myself in this matter to my own satisfaction. Education, as I comprehend it, embraces the whole life of man in all its phases, from the sunrise of the infant, to the sunset of the man. I do not feel competent to run this vast career with equal vigor and grace. As for the family of the Stanleys, here also I shall meet with some difficulty. Their life became my study, for I found in them my ideal of life. I fear I shall fall short of doing them justice. However, I shall attempt to satisfy you; how successful I shall be in the attempt, you will judge. As you leave me the choice of the manner in which I am to answer your requests, I will consult my own pleasure. In drawing you a sketch of the family of the Stanleys, I will present you the results of education, conducted under the light of the true, the good, and the beautiful. Their characters will be the models from which you will deduce such rules of education and life as will be warranted by them. In this way I propose to satisfy, at the same time, both your requests.

Mr. and Mrs. Stanley, descendants of a noble family in England, have inherited all those qualities by which true nobility—nature's nobility—is distinguished. Notwithstanding the usual jealousy and hatred shown by little souls, narrow heads, and empty pockets, towards those who seem to move, as it were, on the surface of society, the neighbors of the mansion of Holy-brood revered its occupants;

and often, with pride, would point out to the passing stranger, the seat of their republican nobles, accompanying with the characteristic observation of these untraveled republicans, "You have nothing like it in your country, have ye?" It is a redeeming feature in human nature, and an argument against total depravity, that however low man may descend, he is constrained to do homage to excellence, and even exult in it, if he happen to have with it any connexion, though ever so remote. Such is the case with the neighbors of the Stanleys; all the good, the wicked, and the envious, join in their praise. Fortune, for this once, showed herself just in lavishing her favors upon Mr. Stanley, who eminently deserves them; he is rather the steward than the sole owner of his vast possessions. He has four children. Zeno, the eldest, is about twenty-four years old; Isabella, who has completed her twenty-first year, is the oldest daughter; next comes Henry, the hopeful Adonis, as his fond mother playfully styles him, and with whom I have made you acquainted; and last, his youngest sister Helen, that blue-eyed cherub, whom you have also seen. Mark what a charming family-group these Stanleys make! good enough to immortalize a painter. See how well they represent the various stages of human life. Helen, physically, is a perfect child. A sound, well-formed body, sufficiently regular features, fresh rosy cheeks, laughing eyes, complete the picture of her happy childhood. Henry's healthy and roguish countenance, and

graceful mien, evince a robust constitution, and a spirit fit for any destiny. But by the education, which will stamp his character, he will be fitted only for good and noble deeds. Isabella is a fully developed girl. In the proportions of her figure there is perfect symetry; there is grace and airiness, but not at the expense of strength; there is fullness and roundness of outline, but not at the cost of delicacy and softness. Her features are of the style of Raphael's Madona, which, in my estimation, is not less beautiful than the Greek model. The lily and the rose mingle their hues in her cheeks. The coral lips, when in a smile, disclose a row of regular, ivory-white, teeth. Her large, soft blue eyes, full of intelligence and kindness, look heaven upon you, from under her long, dark eye-lashes. Her light, luxuriant, and glossy hair, is always disposed with a chaste simplicity around her ample forehead. Her whole countenance, so open and unsuspecting, speaks volumes. It is enough to see her buoyant step, often an indication of much excellence of heart, to be prepossessed in her favor, even before seeing her radiant countenance. At present, however, she has somewhat a pensive look, not unfrequent in girls of her age and sensibility; she may feel a vacuum in her heart, but, as yet, finds no object to fill it. Should you see her white, elegantly-chiseled hand, with its long, tapering fingers, tinted with a delicate rose-hue, —a hand with which one instinctively associates a noble soul—you would think it happiness to be the

object of its caresses. This is but a hasty sketch of Isabella; I leave to your imagination to fill up the picture. Her brother, Zeno, is a rather tall and well-shaped man, with broad shoulders and a finely developed chest—a real athlete. His complexion is fresh, somewhat dark. His rounded chin and well-marked lips, give him an air of boldness and firmness; his shapely nose indicates clear-sightedness. His eye is clear and somewhat tempered by thought. His lofty forehead betokens great intellect. His dark clustering hair completes his manly appearance. He can look like a war-beating Mars, and trip gracefully round gentle maidens. Mrs. Stanley, his mother, though a woman of forty-five, has not lost her charms. Her finely cast countenance is as fresh as ever, and her form retains its soft roundness. Her auburn hair is still wavy and lustrous as when a maiden. Her smooth and expanded forehead, is the very seat of serenity. Her eyes have not yet lost their brilliancy, nor her spirits, buoyancy. When in a gay mood, sometimes she tosses her head back a little, the smile, opening her well-defined lips, uncovers the beautiful teeth, and her whole countenance lights up; she presents to my mind a picture of perfect feminine maturity. What she has lost in the airy gracefulness of a maiden, she has gained in the equally charming stateliness becoming her age. Mr. Stanley, her husband, is as vigorous and athletic, to all appearances, as his Zeno, notwithstanding that a gentle frost begins to cover the head over which

fifty-three winters have passed. This slight change of hair is the only indication of his age. His manly bearing, his fine, lordly countenance, and his eagle eye, beaming with penetration, give him an air of superiority, courage, and wisdom. He enters readily into any frolic that young people can join in ; he is humorous, kind, and, altogether, an agreeable old gentleman. Here, then, you have the picture of the Stanleys presented to your mind's eye, that you may learn that, at least in their case, it is true, that fine souls dwell in fine bodies.

CHAPTER XI.

Rud. Thanks to your pencil, the picture is vivid in my mind. I pronounce you to be a Vandyke. But a question occurs to me. How have they become possessed of this physical well-being ? They must have had a good physical training.

Con. They received an excellent physical education ; and, besides, both the parents and the children, were blessed by nature with good constitutions. I shall read you a letter of his, which he wrote to me upon the subject. He is a sagacious observer of nature and men. Most people live, chewing, all their life-time, merely the husk of things ; but he readily

breaks through the husk, and penetrates into the very centre of the kernel. He thus addresses me :

“ My dear friend Conrad,

Willing as I am to comply with the desire expressed in your last, I take the pen hesitatingly, for I doubt whether I shall be able to communicate to you anything new that you may have not thought upon ; besides, you know already many of my notions. However, as you are willing to hear a twice-told tale, be it so. We must know what we should propose to ourselves in bringing up children. I say, we must make them Herculese, in body and mind. Some women would have them Apollos and Venuses ; but, no matter, either is better than men of the woods—orang-outangs. I maintain that both objects may be obtained, if we use our reason aright. Understand nature—learn to follow her laws. She governs by contrarieties, which, by their action and re-action, produce a medium course ; hence follow continuity and regularity of action. She exposes man to such influences, and, at the same time, gives him the means of protecting himself against them. Action is the universal law of nature ; and we hold our life on the condition of activity. All this man must try to understand, else he must pay dearly for his ignorance. Begin to harden your child in its cradle. See how nature treats it at its birth ; to what extremes and changes she exposes it, with no other covering than its sensitive skin. But she

provides it with the stomach, and a pair of lungs to furnish its own heat. Give it then good material and but little covering, and it will do well. Give it abundance of fresh air and its appropriate food, and it will warm its own bed without your officiousness. Why feather-beds and pillows? and stuffed head-dresses, and baby-shoes, and all such nonsense? Are you kinder than nature? Nature is the kindest mother of all. Put then the child on an even bed, flat on its back, with but gentle covering to its head and body; let it lie then without being rocked, and do not mind whether it lie in light or darkness, noise or quiet; it will sleep if it need rest. Thus you save yourself much trouble, and benefit the child. Every morning dip it in cold water, to imitate the wise practice of the children of nature, and wipe it dry; continue this practice till the child can do the same without your assistance. Make the child go bare-footed till its eighth or tenth year, but see that its feet be always clean; or, if you give shoes, do not let it wear stockings. Thus the child's feet get hardened to bear exposure, and it will not be subject to taking cold. It will be hard to persuade mothers to follow this course, especially with their daughters, for they think it will spoil the beauty of the feet, so important to girls; they will have Chinese notions about beauty, say you what you will. Nature will put the body into a better shape than your lacing, bandaging, or shoeing; only let it have unconstrained use of all its parts. I have already departed far

enough from the popular notions, in these matters, to deserve excommunication; but how the wise public would be shocked, if they were told that I made my children go, throughout the warm season, every morning, bare-footed, into the grass to dew their feet, instead of washing them with cold water; the former practice being more beneficial. To encourage them in this practice, I used to go myself, and now, when they are grown, they do it with pleasure, whenever it is convenient; for they understand its benefits. This simple process of running upon the wet grass for a few minutes, by the sudden cold and friction of the grass against the feet, sends a pleasant glow into these extremities, and keeps the skin more active, and thereby they are protected from taking cold; and even when sometimes they have a slight one, they get cured of it. All that one has to do, after this process, is to wipe his feet dry and put on shoes. When, in summer, there is a pleasant warm rain, and the atmosphere is in a highly electric state, as when it thunders, under the disguise of a frolic, to effect my purpose good naturedly, I used to drive my children into the rain until wet to the skin; then let them in and tell them to get dry. They soon learned to like this frolic, and did it of their own accord. You know that plants grow better when exposed to these conditions of the air, because of their being electrified; for the same reason animals get benefited when thus exposed. I have never allowed them to mind the weather, rain or shine;

unless there be a good reason to the contrary, my boys and girls would go out. I saw that they had on sufficient clothes, but never too many; they must keep themselves warm by activity; and I have never allowed them other than a light covering to their head, the hair being quite a sufficient fur. They never sleep on feathers; a hard mattress, with a small pillow of the same stuff, makes quite a luxuriant bed for them, as well as for me. It is important, especially in childhood, to accustom the child to lie on the level with the back. I have always endeavored to inure them to fatigue; due precautions taken, I encourage them in running, leaping, and all kinds of gymnastic exercises, and often take a part in them myself; which, of course, pleases them much. It is good for them to spend much time in the open air. I am also careful what kind of playmates they have. Low-bred boys and silly nurses are not admitted into their presence; and when I am with them, I am on my guard to behave with as much propriety, as if I were in the company of my superiors. I am persuaded that moral influence begins while the infant is in the arms of its nurse; and so I am mindful of it. But my presence is not a damper upon their joyous spirits; for they are permitted to do whatever does not injure themselves or offend others. Remember, that joyous spirits and laughter are the greatest antidotes to dyspepsy and hypochondria. Thus I treat my boys and girls without reference to sex. Some mothers, less wise

than tender-hearted, would desire for their girls exemption from this, so to speak, boyish treatment, lest they lose some of the delicacy of their sex, (I suppose they mean conventional, not true delicacy,) and become rough and coarse. Nature has sufficiently stamped the two sexes, and will keep them distinct, without man's interference; what is good for the development of the body for one sex, is good for the other also; health and beauty can be expected only when the body is well-developed. True delicacy of symmetry, is consistent with the vigor of the body. A woman, with cultivated mind, refined feelings, and elegant manners, will still possess her true feminine delicacy, be she even a giantess. Until nature awakens the instinct of sex, I disregard it. It is well to keep the two sexes together; only have an eye upon them; for there are certain better feelings of our nature, peculiar to each sex, which can be developed in childhood only by intercourse. My wife, thank heaven, is a very sensible woman, as you know; she can be reasoned with and convinced; so she never raised any difficulties in my way, and I also was glad to listen to her advice. And now who can, in the whole country, show me more elegantly formed and healthy children than my boys and girls? With the exception of the diseases incident to children's age, and of which they make a very light matter, they are always well; and, what is more unusual in these times, when they were teething they were not ill at all. When we are

in harmony with nature's laws, all the usual processes of the system are performed with no, or little pain to us. So much for having received a sound constitution from their parents and a good training. Man thrives the best in hardships; if there be any worth in him, it will be brought out, to his greater glory, under trials that are not overwhelming; this truth holds good as well physically as morally.

As for diet, my rules are simple. Food must be sound, easily digestible, prepared in the most wholesome and palatable manner, given in quantities neither too great, nor too small, and at intervals when appetite dictates. The infant should be fed on healthy human milk; and I do not hesitate to use the milk of any quadruped, as the horse, cow, sheep, goat, &c.; and do it alternately. As the child grows, occasionally I let it have strong and clear broth. Soups, (without any condiments,) broths and gruels, of all kinds, make my children's usual breakfast and dinner. Fresh beef and fowls, of the more digestible kind, in moderate quantities, tender vegetables, well prepared, good stale bread, (I mean emphatically well baked bread,) light puddings and not rich pies, soft eggs, with sufficient allowance of good cold water, make up the articles of the food my children live upon, from the time they get their teeth up to their fifteenth year. They are never allowed either tea or coffee, on any consideration, as long as I have any influence over them; in fact, we do not use these pernicious drugs in our house. Nor do I allow them

any salted food whatever ; though salt, as a condiment, is permitted. My wife and myself see that the children have their breakfast, dinner, and supper prepared expressly for them. I call most of the cakes and sweetmeats we have on our tea-tables pernicious trumpery, and my children are forbidden to taste of them. Nature knows the measure of her wants, if she be left to act without interference ; she knows when the demand for nourishment is satiated. When we give food to children, we must be particular, that it should be easily soluble in the juices of the stomach. The food that is readily digestible is readily penetrated by the gastric juices, and when a sufficient quantity of it is taken, the hunger is appeased. But when hard food, difficult to be digested is taken, the juices not penetrating it readily, the child still hungers, although already too great a quantity of it might have been taken ; hence a surcharge of the stomach follows, with the train of its bad consequences. It is evident, then, that easily soluble food must be particularly sought after. Never accustom your child to be suckled in the night ; this must be done before it goes to sleep ; the mother's health is of as much importance as the child's ; she must have then a due allowance of rest. If you early begin so, the child will never disturb you before the morning ; and then its demands must be complied with.

A few words must be added on the treatment of children when in sickness. Trust rather to nature

than to man's skill; it is as well that the child should die of disease as of treatment. If the child is to be an invalid for its life-time, is it not better that it should die at once? It is the selfishness of parents that desires sickly children to live; true affection, that looks calmly and disinterestedly upon the consequences, prefers their death to protracted misery. Their body only dies; their spirit lives happy, for it returns unto the Eternal Father. For my part, if it cannot live healthy, I would rather see my child die. I do not speak from any prejudice, but from the knowledge of the state of information in matters of disease. Physicians may be safely said to kill one third of their patients; the second third may live in spite of their treatment, while they may cure the remainder. Now, it seems to me, the race is benefited when the sickly die out; for the remainder are more robust, and, consequently, the next generation will be also. It would be with the human race as it is with animals, who have no physician but nature; those that live are always well, those that die, do so because nature in them is too weak to resist disease. This view of the subject will be objected to, because there will be, it would be said, too much sacrifice of individual feelings, if the sickly be left to the resources of nature alone. But this would be compensated to us by a higher enjoyment of life, in those who would remain; and, besides, must we not be willing to sacrifice something of ourselves, for the general good of the race? Look

at the world, and what a startling fact you will perceive! There is more health, more vigor and beauty of the body, where there is the least number of physicians. Contrast, for instance, Greece, where are eighty physicians to the whole population, or South America, (where a physician is scarcely to be found,) with our United States, a nation of invalids, as some foreigners call us, and the balance of health will be evident. If the making of new diseases, and the coining of new names for the old ones, is a glory to be desired, then we may exult. But I need not enlarge upon this subject; I know much may be said in its favor. These are my convictions; others may think as they please. At any rate I should never employ a physician, who could not cure diseases without mercury, bleeding, or leeching; and would advise you to do the same. I know that some of them must have our confidence, but I know, also, that it should not be given but to few of them. To know what physician has the sagacity to seize nature's secrets, one must have a little of the same capacity himself, and then he can know better who deserves his confidence; as for the vulgar, the un-read, and the unthinking, one cannot give them any guide in this respect; they are doomed to be the dupes of appearances. Use, then, simple remedies, and sparingly; diet and exercise in the open air must be the grand panacea for your children. *Propos* of exercise, I forgot to mention that I never allow my children to eat or drink immediately after fa-

tigue; they must get rested first. Neither do I allow them to enter into any active sport, or hard study, soon after a meal; I let them first amuse themselves in some gentle manner. You perceive how general and brief my remarks upon this important subject are. The limits of a letter, and your own learning, forbid me to enter into details. These are the reasons of my here stating to you merely my general views upon the subject, without explaining them in particular. And there is another reason, (I must confess,) the fear of your saying that the old man grows prosy. There is another subject of equal importance, but which is shamefully neglected. I mean the physical improvement of the race—how to render the body beautiful, and less subject to disease. For him, who has traveled over the world, the mournful fact that the race is deteriorating, is every where evident. One hundred years ago, Haller pronounced the Anglo-Saxons the best specimens of the Caucasian race in Europe. What, could he see us, would he now say of their descendants? He might safely reverse his dictum. When I witness a grave clergyman consoling a mother bereaved of her child, by saying that God's visitation must be borne meekly, that she must pray and thank the chastening hand of the Almighty, pity and indignation, at this gross ignorance and blasphemy of the Creator, rise in my breast. Say rather your follies and vices, and those of your fathers, kill your child. God's fiat went forth for once, and it is being executed for ever.

Man's transgression is punished unto the third and fourth generations; nay, I should add unto the last one, unless there be virtue sufficient to counteract the sin. Transgression of the physical or moral laws of nature, committed knowingly or unconsciously, is sin, which sooner or later must be followed by punishment. As moral and free agents, our knowledge or ignorance may stand as our accuser or pleader, according as the case may be, in respect to the final destinies of our spiritual individuality. But to be clearer, sin and virtue have both a physical and a moral character; for any encroachment upon the laws of inanimate or spiritual nature, is sin; and observance of those laws is virtue. The consequences that follow sin or virtue, are inevitable and continuous; when once set in motion, they will go on increasing to eternity, unless their opposites counteract or arrest their concentric and widening course. This is, as I would express it, the vibrating action of virtue and sin upon each other, affecting continually the body and the soul, for good or for evil. You perceive, that the words virtue and sin, as I use them here, have nothing to do with their religious sense. We may then unconsciously transgress the laws of matter and of spirit, and suffer punishment immediately, or more or less remotely, and yet stand excused before God, as moral and free agents; but, nevertheless, we then have committed a sin, and its consequences must be perpetual, unless an opposite virtue save us from them. It is thus that God's

laws avenge themselves; and it is thus that sin is visited upon the third and fourth generation, without determining, however, upon the destiny of the innocent sufferer for the transgressions of his parents. This view of our sinfulness strengthens my belief in the reality of the original sin of Adam, and its transmission in an increased ratio to his descendants, and in the necessity of the redeeming virtue of Christ, which, quickening in us our original element of purity, will save the race from the inevitable consequences of transgression.

It is then absurd to say that God takes our children away for some special purpose; better confess our sinfulness, and blaspheme not the kind Creator. Such sins are continually committed in our senseless matrimonial connexions. Very sinful people, or, in other words, very sickly men and women, are joined in the bond of union to propagate sin—diseased children; and thus disease and vice are made to grow luxuriantly in the face of heaven. What could be of more importance for themselves and posterity, than good health and robust constitution, in parties entering into the matrimonial bond? If it cannot be otherwise, at least one of them should be healthy; for, as good in the end always triumphs over evil, so it will prove in this case, and the children will inherit more of the qualities of the healthy than the invalid parent. It is humiliating to confess that parents, who, on all other occasions, interfere with their children, are insensible to their duty on this.

Nay, they will refuse their daughter to a worthy and healthy young man, because of his poverty, while they are ready to sell her for a handfull of gold, to another, who is physically worthless. It is not so easy to remedy this evil, when children's affections are already engaged; but, however, if as many of such connexions be prevented, as there are of those that are interfered with, from pecuniary considerations, the race would be abundantly benefited. It is strange, passing strange, that man has thought of improving various races of animals, and has succeeded, but never thought of the same for himself. The same laws that are applicable to the case of animals, would apply to him also. It is even maintained, by some prudes and the ignorantly devout, that it is sinful and very indelicate to think or to speak of such a subject. Remember, "to the pure all is pure." It is because their vicious hearts cannot keep from evil, when they are in sight of it, that they speak so. God created our first parents beautiful, and would have us so, were it not for our own folly. Thus through prejudice and ignorance, our children are made to suffer both physically and morally. It is forgotten, that the vices of the body modify more or less the character of the soul.

Now, my friend, I dare say, my letter has wearied you somewhat. But old people, who have thought and looked upon realities of this world watchfully, speak with earnestness unknown to the young, on those subjects that engage their attention. I know,

however, that your philosophical mind cannot be indifferent to the subjects in hand. Had you mounted me on a different hobby, perhaps I might prance and caper, but this one is too serious to frolic. Adieu. Yours, &c."

The good old gentleman thought the letter might be wearisome to me. No, I wish he had written more; and I hope, Rudolph, you share this feeling with me.

Rud. Most certainly. And to give you a proof of my being tired, neither of the old gentleman nor of his family, I repeat my request to you to go on with your account of the Stanleys.

CHAPTER XII.

Con. As we know the tree by its fruits, so we know parents by their children; for we may say justly, that children are but reflected rays of their parents, modified only by the reflecting medium. Therefore, let us return to the children, that you may, in the end, be better acquainted with the parents. Helen's modesty wins the heart of every one who approaches her. It is not that clownishness or rusticity, miscalled by some, modesty, which is

readily made to blush, and which is seen in the children of the vulgar ; but it is that retiring disposition of the gentle-hearted and well-bred, that mistrusts itself at first, but, when unavoidably put to trial, it recovers its self-possession, and triumphantly turning the blushing cheeks into a charm, confronts the trespasser with dignity. She is gentle and obliging to all—she was never known to give offence to any one, even her mother's domestics ; and yet she is not a child that may be called listless or inert, and consequently less prone to offend ; on the contrary, she is full of life. Notwithstanding her apparent heedlessness, common in childhood, she is very considerate and compassionate towards others : there seems to be not a particle of selfishness in her heart. This must be owing to the watchful eye of her mother, who is always ready to prune the least tendril of this desolating weed of the human heart. When her mother goes on errands of charity, among the poor and destitute, she often accompanies her to witness the discharge of Christian duties towards a fellow-being, that she may learn how to fulfill them in her turn. In this way, her mother thinks the heart of the prosperous may be prevented from growing obdurate. Young as she is—for she is scarcely thirteen—she studies decorum in every respect, with the greatest attention, and yet it does not render her stiff and precise ; she acts with the discrimination of a grown person, but preserves her child-like simplicity and unconsciousness. When she is in com-

pany, unlike many children, she is watchful of the comfort and pleasures of others. Her mother's example incites her to this self-sacrifice. She often hears her parents say, that nature has not in vain endowed woman with warmth of feeling, but that it may be a compensating pleasure to her, for the frequent sacrifices of herself she must make, on entering society. Thus early do her parents inculcate in her mind, that a selfish, unkind woman, is even more hideous than a man of the same character. Her love of truth is not less remarkable than her other qualities. These are Helen's moral charms, upon which her mother bases her intellectual culture.

Cleanliness and order, says Mrs. Stanley, are manifestations of a good mind in either man or woman, but particularly so in the latter; and hence she trains her children to these good habits. Helen is not less commendable in this case than her brothers and sister. She pursues the same plan of mental culture that Henry does, with which you are already acquainted; for she could not be fit for the company of a well-educated husband, if her information did not put her on a level with him. Woman's mind differs from man's without being inferior to it. This difference is purposely established by nature, that they may be more attractive to each other, and mutually dependent. Hence the same course of instruction answers for boys and girls, with this modification, that it need not be carried so far with the latter, as with the former; since their situation in

life does not require it. The good sense of Mrs. Stanley can discover this limit in Helen's case, whom literary studies do not prevent from attending to music, dancing, and needle-work. In this way, Mrs. S. hopes to be as successful with her younger daughter, as she has been with Isabella, whose solid accomplishments fit her to be the pattern of her sex. Her personal charms are not her only attractions; her mind is well-stored with various information, and her heart overflows with lofty sentiments. She can converse sensibly upon almost any subject; belles-lettres and science are sufficiently familiar to her to enable her to bear a respectable part in the company of even learned men. The intellectual conversation of her parents and her elder brother, furnishes her with succinct knowledge of various subjects, and gives her mind that discrimination and elasticity, which is requisite to be able to handle gracefully any topic, that may happen to fall under consideration. Having a great desire for information, and an imagination sufficiently vivid of itself, not to need the stimulus of works of fiction, she chiefly reads histories, biographies, travels, and criticisms on literature and the fine arts. Amidst her literary and domestic pursuits, she finds time enough for music, in which she is quite an adept, as a performer on the harp and piano. Mrs. Stanley maintains that woman's destiny is to be a wife and mother; and, consequently, her whole education should be subservient to this great purpose of nature. She,

who is unskilled in housekeeping, ignorant of the duties of a good wife, of a good mother, and of a kind mistress, is not fit to be man's companion for life, whatever her other attainments may be; she cannot then be the angel of comfort to her household. Fortunate is Isabella for having so sensible a mother, who, in making her the most accomplished woman, fitted her also for the most honorable station in society—that of a wife and mother. All these external embellishments of woman's character would fail of their end, if they were not supported by Isabella's high moral qualities. "Love," said Isabella to herself, once; "love is the law of the universe; woman was given to man in token of love; woman then is the incarnation of love; love is the poetic element of Christianity; then the love of the good, the beautiful, and the true, shall make the poetry of my life." Thus, for the first time, and, unconsciously, she spoke from the fullness of her heart. Love has its own laws of reasoning, which, upon the whole, are better than the logician's; for, although it jumps at its conclusions, without letting slow reason see its intermediate steps, it is right in the end. Isabella could easily come to these conclusions, for love was the sum total of her character. She found, however, that she could not carry them out, without conquering the lower propensities of our nature; and accordingly she put on the girdle of defiance to their power. Firmness of purpose, (a result of self-reliance) and amenity of manners, gave that finish

to Isabella's character, which, while it endears her more to her parents, gains for her an universal admiration and respect. Zeno's parents were for some time kept in suspense as to the turn his character would take. His strong passions and quick intellect, were fit materials to make of him either a good or a bad man. It is not so important to root out the bad passions of the heart, as to subdue them by cultivating their opposite. Strong passions, directed by enlightened intellect, enable man to rise to greatness. When under this two-fold influence, man may be compared to a good rider, mounted on a spirited horse, whose prancings and caperings, the more skillfully and gracefully they are subdued, will reflect the more credit on his master. So thought Mr. Stanley, and, accordingly, he thus moulded his son's character, patiently waiting to see his hopes realized in this noble youth. Zeno breathes only generous sentiments, and utters only truth, which is the pole-star of his life. No low motive, or aim, ever enters his heart. The only failing I notice in him is ambition; but yet it is not low ambition—it is that which Milton so beautifully calls, “the weakness of noble minds.” Time and further experience will cure him of it. A mind, of his cast, will not fail to learn that the highest aim of the wise and good, should be to fill the place in which Providence has chosen to put him, according to the highest ideals. A stranger to sinister motives himself, he respects

them not in others ; and his frankness is so confiding, that it disarms even duplicity itself. Generous to his enemies, faithful to his friends, he enjoys the greatest pleasures of which the human heart is capable. To these qualities of the heart Zeno joins an intellect, rich in its own treasures, and in the spoils of others. His learning is extensive, and his observation multifarious. At a German university, where he finished his education, he acquired that taste for universal information, for which the Germans are so remarkable, and now he is greedy for all knowledge. It is too often the case that our likings and our sympathies are confined within the limits of our village, town, or country ; it requires a mind and a heart, more than common, to say, “ the world is my country, and the race is my family.” Traveling, though it may sometimes contract narrow minds still more, generally tends to enlarge our sympathies ; at least so thinks Zeno, who judges by his own experience acquired in his travels. His generous soul sees his countryman in every upright man of any clime. The race has but one heart, whose pulsations may be stronger or weaker, according to their remoteness from the centre. National names and boundaries are mere conventional barriers, which great minds overleap, in search of universal communion, to become cosmopolitan in heart, mind, and manners. Such is Zeno become already ; his manners even do not betray any national oddities, so much are they polished.

CHAPTER XIII.

Collect now the light of the character of the children, and throw it back upon their parents, in order to have a clearer view of them collectively, than I can give you singly. When a couple are happily assorted, they stand, in relation to each other, like two mirrors placed opposite one another; they reflect each other, although they were shaped by different hands. So, if you look at the wife, you see much of her husband, and if you glance at the husband, you behold much of his wife. Though it may not be universally so, still it is the case with Mr. and Mrs. Stanley. When the sculptor takes his shapeless block, he toils hard to bring to light his idea, which lies hidden there in all its beauty. By degrees, he lops off its sharp angles, he measures it, he rounds it, he smoothes and polishes it, till the block reluctantly yields up the artist's conception in its full splendor of symmetry and life. So is it with man's character when he seeks, in his nature, the ideas of the beautiful, the good, and the true. There they lie, overlaid with the dross of human passions; he labors earnestly to free them, till, arriving at the meridian of his life, they blaze upon him in their full proportions and harmony. So is it with our admirable couple, who lived toiling courageously to reach their meridian. They both have arrived at a

period comparatively quiet, when the turbulence of passions is become subdued, and the stream of life begins to flow on smoothly. Mrs. Stanley, whose constant aim has been at self-government, and to live goodness, truth, and beauty, in every act of her physical, moral and social life, has succeeded in acquiring an instinct for that, which once required an effort. Her Christian virtues are felt by her family-circle, friends, neighbors and enemies; for she is a rationally loving mother, and a kind and considerate mistress; she is faithful to her friends, pleasant to her neighbors, and forgiving to her enemies. Love and piety are the most precious jewels that adorn her soul. Religious as she is, she is not a bigot; she does not condemn, nor withdraw from the world, as an ignorant religionist would do; she lives in the midst of it to redeem it; the mild and winning light of her virtues, draw unto her even the wicked. To little minds, conceited in piety, it would appear incomprehensible that she can be a truly devout and fashionable woman at the same time; nevertheless she is so. But fashion, with her, means not what it does with fashionable fools. Being fashionable means, with her, being the most refined in feeling, the most polished in manners, the most intellectual, the most rational, and the most tasteful, joined to the capacity of giving to, and receiving from others, innocent pleasures. Fashion, then, in her dictionary, means a structure of what is pleasing, raised upon the broad basis of rationality. There is then no

foppery, no charlatanry. In this sense, Mrs. Stanley is eminently fashionable. Without constituting herself the leader of fashion, the would-be fashionables are glad to recognize her as such. On this, as on other occasions, imbecility is delighted to creep under the wings of superiority. She never cares what Mrs. Stupidity, Mrs. Silliness, or Mrs. Upstart would say of her conduct. She says, if you have good sense, good taste, and self-respect, you will, without needlessly offending others, walk your own path, indifferent whether you are followed or not; and if you join to these qualities a little amiability, you will soon have many, both apes and men, in your wake. This is the only creditable way of leading the fashion. Her rich mind, familiar with books and men, can gracefully lavish its treasures without ostentation. Indeed it may be said, that literature adorns her, like a graceful flowing drapery, charming even the most fastidious. She is in the habit of repeating to her daughters, that what is worth having in a single woman while young, is worth retaining when she is married and grows old; and she lives up to this truth. In her external accomplishments, she may be said to rival her daughters. She is as fascinating in her manners, kind and pleasing, as a young woman should be; she dances, sings, and plays on the piano, as she ever did, and she is as gay and lively as her dignity permits. She does not think, that young women should be trained only to get a husband, but that *the woman* may be

an ornament to society her whole lifetime. Many would say, it is impossible, but she finds it possible, even without neglecting her family duties in the least. Indolent and slothful women, says she, sink into torpidity soon after marriage, and reap neglect if not contempt as their wages; but the active find their life, health, pleasure and beauty only in activity. Be ever willing to sacrifice, she would often say, your *precious little self*; you must please others, and then you will be pleased in your turn. She smiles at the simplicity, or rather simple rusticity, of those, who think that women advanced in age are not fit for society; aged women, when well-bred and accomplished, are the very persons that society needs, that they may be guides to the young, and give a certain dignity to social intercourse. Besides, this is the way for them to keep themselves from growing old and rusty.

Such is the woman whom Mr. Stanley is happy to call his wife, and whose fidelity and respect he well merits, by his superior qualities. At his age, pride and conceit, and respectably-clothed selfishness, are apt to luxuriate in man's heart, when it is governed by a shallow head. This is not the case with Mr. Stanley; generosity, love of truth and justice, are his prominent characteristics. He to whom life appears a serious comedy, could not but learn, that the highest wisdom finds permanency only in virtue, and pleasure only in the pursuit of truth, while all else is fleeting and unreal. Having a heart and

head fit for noble deeds, and lacking no worldly means to execute them, he, if I may so speak, indulges in virtue with an Epicurean taste. The vulgar are content with grosser virtues, because they think the law is thus complied with; but they care not for the finer ones, because they are not plainly pointed out in their moral code. But Mr. Stanley, whose soul is pure, and full of sensibility and refinement, without neglecting the grosser virtues, is studious of the finer ones also. If he know that he can do a kind office to another, he does it without delay; and, at the same time, he considers the person he is to oblige, the kind of service he is to render, and the best manner of doing it; so that he does it in the most acceptable way to one's feelings; unlike the vulgar, who, while they mean to benefit another, are careful to flatter their own selfishness. Indeed, one would sooner take him for the party receiving, than for the party conferring a favor, so gracefully does he do it. He never talks of man's ungratefulness, for he never desires gratitude; yet, if he receive a favor, he is anxious to repay it two-fold. His hospitality, if compared with what is commonly called so, would prove the latter to be mere mockery; for his is lavish without being inconsiderate. He observed once, that if he knew that the generous heart of a Turk could outdo him in hospitality, as a Christian, he would be exceedingly ashamed; but, he continued, if my means cannot, my heart is willing

to compete even with the Turk's generosity. Not many Christians can say as much. His hospitality, however, is neither ostentatious nor troublesome to the recipient; it is so gracefully offered, that one cannot help thinking it sincere and enjoying it the more. His friendship is as faithful, and his word as sacred, as that of an Osmanli. Of friendship, he says, that it is a heavenly favor granted only to the pure, as a foretaste of the enjoyments in the world to come. His benevolence is not less noticeable than his other qualities; he seeks objects for its gratification, amongst those who, although thought by the world to be above want, actually are not. To do a good act in private, is nobler than to do it in public. The only power to be envied, is that of dispensing favors; for then man is placed above his fellow-beings, as a vicegerent of the Almighty himself; but how few discharge this responsible office as worthily as Mr. Stanley does! To these noble qualities of the heart, he joins a profound intellect, rich in various learning. To him life would be worthless, if he could not engage in the pursuit of knowledge. He never means to keep his mind stationary; it is always open to new as well as to old truths. He is always to be found in the current of progress; not carried away, however, but guiding himself. The literature of other languages is almost as familiar to him as that of his own. Literature is the prism of a nation's character, as style often is of

a writer's. He, who desires to study humanity, must not confine himself to the letters of one nation exclusively. These are Mr. Stanley's sentiments to which he strictly adheres; and with which I cannot but sympathize. Notwithstanding his extensive information, he is not a pedant; he is as humble as he who said, "I know but one thing, that I know nothing."

Knowledge and a well-meaning heart, singly or combined, cannot give man a title to the highest degree of superiority, unless they are accompanied by refined habits and manners. A learned clown (for there is such a class of men) disgraces knowledge; and a good-hearted one makes unpalatable what should be the most pleasant in human nature. Aware of this truth, Mr. Stanley never loses sight of refined habits and polished manners; on the contrary, he is scrupulously attentive to both, without falling into either mannerism or insipidity. He never would allow himself, even on the score of age, as some do, a little indulgence in vulgar manners, such an aversion has he to whatever is low. As he cultivates cheerfulness, and takes an interest in the joys and sorrows of the young, his company is both instructive and pleasant to them; and many are proud of the honor of his friendship.

CHAPTER XIV.

Such is the man for whom alone Mrs. Stanley lives; and what generous woman would not? He is like a noble oak, shooting towards the skies, that courageously weathers the storms passing over its head; and she like the ivy, that embraces and twines around it, committing its life and destiny to its trusty companion. Such is their bond of matrimony. To me, they are the picture of true humanity; such as God designed—each distinct, and yet, two in one. What a pity that this spectacle is so uncommon! How much the sum of human happiness would be increased! He who has looked through the veil of matrimonial life, and has seen its internal arrangements, to his astonishment and sorrow is forced to believe, with Dr. Johnson, who somewhere says, that if the Lord Chancellor were permitted to select partners for the matrimonial state, he would make a better choice for the parties than they do themselves. Were it not for the freedom of choice alone, many, I dare say, would be in favor of such an arrangement; for there would be one consolation at least; they could then wreak their disappointment on the heads of others. What a grief must his be, who, on marrying, sees his poetic visions of conjugal happiness disappear from the horizon of his life, like the mirage of the desert before the eyes of the thirsty trav-

eler. Bound by his vow, he is to stand the storm of all the furies, that a malicious woman can send upon him. He is houseless, for he must fly his home ; he is friendless, for he cannot conscientiously look for another ; his life is bleak and desolate as the sea-coast of Greenland, and often he plunges into vices, just to forget his disappointment. No better is the lot of a woman, whose fortunes may happen to be bound to a brute of a man. Her tender heart finds no reciprocal feeling ; her fine mind receives no sympathy ; her noble aspirations meet but with the chilling blast of low propensities ; thus her budding hopes fall to the ground, like flowers touched by the frost, and she pines in silence.

The more one is given to such considerations, the less prone he will be to hasten into the matrimonial bonds. Yet it should not be so. It is not good for man to live alone, for he does not thus fulfill nature's purposes. Humanity is not complete in him, till he takes to himself its complement—woman. Then they both put themselves under the opposing influence of their respective feelings, and, acting upon each other mutually, and thus modifying each other's characters, they attain complete humanity. But if the parties be ill-adapted to each other, humanity is then deformed. In married life there are influences which, giving more varied direction to human feelings, expand and mellow them ; and thus the character of man and woman is more developed when married than when single. Even selfishness, the

most narrow of all feelings, must then relax, and embrace more than one person; while in single life, it would rest concentrated upon *self*. To the pure heart, marriage opens life—lasting springs of innocent love; to the wicked even it may sweeten somewhat the bitter waters of life. He, who feels the glow of pure love, paints to himself matrimony as a state of unchangeable bliss; and if he be happy in his choice, he may find it so; it is better, however, sweet as the dreams may be, to curb the imagination by reason, in order to save one's self the pains of disappointment. The best way of securing matrimonial happiness, would be to ascertain first, if the parties concerned can be friends to each other. Love, resting on the qualities necessary for friendship, would be enduring; and in case it should cool down, there would be still enough requisites left for a happy union. There would be mutual respect, if not a perfect harmony of opinion, at least a good-natured tolerance, conciliating deportment, and the spirit of mutual concession; these are sufficient requisites to make one's matrimonial condition, if not happy, at least pleasant. Contrast married life with single. In the latter, man, while young, finds companions and friends, who are willing to be so, as long as their pursuits are equally aimless as his; but as he grows old, he sees them drop away from him, one by one, till burdened with the weight of age, he stands solitary and alone, casting his glance around, and meeting no sympathizing eye; in the

midst of the world, yet not of it, he goes a cheerless shadow to the grave; for his name dies long before his body. Not so when he is married. His children stand as a connecting link between him and the world, and through them he is interested in it. But even if the world forsake him, there are sympathies for him in the bosom of his own family, which will cheer his old age. It is sympathy that the human heart craves most; in that it finds its life and happiness; without it all is desolation. Sympathy is the chain that binds society together; it is the moral gravitation of the world. But sympathy has its elective affinities, which, in marriage, must be obeyed, to insure the happiness of the parties concerned. Pure hearts only can understand these affinities, although language is inadequate to express them. They are perhaps those indefinite yearnings, which the heart feels at times, and which seem to constitute a particular instinct in woman, making her to pronounce intuitively upon the fitness of their object.

Perhaps it is under the influence of these yearnings that Mrs. Stanley, whom we have for a while left out of sight, has chosen her worthy companion; for so happy a choice could only be made by some unerring guide. There is in their intercourse such a respect and considerateness for each other, combined with affection, such a spirit of self-sacrifice and yielding, with perfect equality and freedom, that, while it serves me as the best living example of conjugal happiness, it opens my eyes to the true relation

of man and woman to each other. There are no petty jealousies between them, no spite, no wilfulness and obstinacy. Generous trust in each other is the impulse, reason is the light, harmony is the law of their life. What is more remarkable in their case is, that, fascinating as they are, they can lead a life of domestic peace and mutual understanding, surrounded by a seductive and intriguing world. Jealousy, says Mr. Stanley, is an evidence of littleness at all times; but, in married life, it is more, it is an absolute folly; for it allies itself with our enemies, to destroy our peace and happiness. If one is unfaithful, it is better for the other not to know it; for it is not the time to make him or her better, and, consequently, there is no hope of quiet; ignorance, then, in this case, is preferable to knowledge. But if the suspicions be groundless, it is then a poignant insult offered to innocence, which cannot be easily forgotten, and which recoils upon the offender himself, if he be a generous soul; in either case, the suffering is great and useless. He, who whispers mistrust into the ear of a husband or wife, is their greatest enemy.

Rud. Pardon me, but I must interrupt you, Conrad. You will resume your subject; but, inform me first, what are your notions of the true relation of man and woman to each other, at which you have just hinted.

CHAPTER XV.

Con. I am for freeing myself from the trammels of all custom and rusty prejudices. I wish to look at things as they are in themselves, and then abide by the result. In the same spirit I consider the question of the true relation of man and woman to each other. The only wise course is, in this, as on all occasions, to follow nature's decrees. We must observe what end nature proposes to herself, and how she attains it. There were times when grave doctors wrote learned treatises upon the question, "Whether woman has a soul;" some said, yes, some said, no. I doubt whether those who questioned it, had one themselves. But let that pass. I can safely assert, that man and woman were created for each other. Hence it follows, that there must be a certain mutual adaptation in them, modifying their respective characters. There must be then a moral and physical difference between them, yet implying no contradiction. Difference does not always mean inferiority; it is consistent with equality. The fleet, black-eyed gazel is not inferior to the noble lion, although they are unlike. Both man and woman have their peculiarities, advantages and disadvantages, which, equalizing their characters, put them precisely on a level. Though man is strong and courageous, and woman weak and timid,

her tact makes up for this advantage, and Samson lies powerless at the feet of Delilah. If man's intellect appear greater in some respects, his heart is smaller than woman's; man is more selfish, woman more loving. If he pride himself on his reasoning powers, she may on her poetic susceptibilities; for her imagination is more lively, and her sensibility more acute than man's. I need not run out the parallel of their characters. I have done it sufficiently for my purpose; you may continue it yourself, if you please. Suffice it to say, in conclusion, that man discourses more wisely, but he lives more foolishly; woman talks less profoundly, but lives more wisely; for he is more fit to instruct in wisdom than in virtue, and she is more able to teach the latter than the former. Thus they are brought to the same level. This difference and this equality necessarily are in harmony with the designed peculiarities of the two sexes.

Having conducted you thus far, you will perceive my reasons for asserting that man and woman are born free and equal, although to some extent dependent on each other. This is the fundamental point from which we are to start to ascertain their true relation to each other. Keeping this in view, we may arrive at the very extremes of their relation without ever coming to clashing results; we shall see that a wheel works harmoniously within a wheel, and the whole social machine moves in uniform circles. I do not mean that this is the case with society as it is at present, but that it would be so, were it as it

should be. The Creator assigned to humanity certain duties which cannot be performed by man or woman singly; hence follows an equal distribution of them according to the respective capacities of the sexes. He also bestowed certain privileges upon both man and woman. It must be remembered that they cannot perform their duties if they be in each other's way; and that the fulfillment of them is to constitute their happiness. Both man and woman are eager to possess themselves of as many privileges as possible, at each other's expense; and neither is willing to acquiesce in the social duties that devolve on the other. In this strife the stronger may have permanently the victory; but, however, nothing prevents his being now and then duped by the cunning of the weaker. Thus neither of the parties are better for the strife and the neglect of their duties. This is precisely the condition in which society appears to me to have been until now. How long it will continue so, I am unable to say. Neither man nor woman have done their duty; neither, then, has a right to happiness; to strive to attain the latter by avoiding the former is preposterous. Nature is an impartial mother; she impartially distributes her favors to the least of her children that obey her. The sum of the duties and the privileges of one sex is equal to that of the other; for all this is adjusted according to the capacity and special destiny of an individual. Compensation is the rule of nature. But if we do not receive our share of it, it is then our

own fault, not nature's. That man, in the present state of society, arrogates to himself too many immunities, and that woman is wronged, cannot be questioned; nor can it be doubted that woman is disposed to do the same as far as she can, and that she does not aim at being what she should be. Woman is yet neither a good wife nor a good mother. I do not measure her goodness by the caresses she bestows upon her husband, nor by the quantity of sugar-plumbs she gives to her children. If she be not what she should be, man is, perhaps, more to be blamed than she; the bad example he sets may excuse her in a measure. Covetous of power, they thrust themselves in each other's sphere, and then raise complaints of encroachment. To prevent this and ensure harmony, both parties must be generous towards each other, both unwilling that one should have more social burdens to bear than the other; then social duties and privileges will be distributed to their mutual satisfaction. Where strength, courage and intellectual activity are necessary, there is the place for man; where the exercise of the affections and of patient endurance is required, there woman is wanted. Thus may be characterized those social duties, which the sexes have not in common; and each is the sphere which nature respectively assigns to each sex, in consideration of woman's being destined to be a mother.

That women begin to feel the harshness of man's rule, the increasing number of the defenders of wo-

man's rights, sufficiently indicates. But these defenders, in anxiety for their cause, would step out of their sphere. They feel the evil, but, it seems to me, are unable to define it; and, in removing one, they would bring on another. Women, now, are children, but the advocates of their rights would make them viragos. I, for one, should prefer to suffer the petulance of children, to the insolence of braggadocios. And this would be the consequence, if women should enter the list of market-men, politicians and horse-jockeys. In this condition, women would unavoidably neglect some social duties, which man could not perform, and the omission of which would make society suffer. Man has dealt unjustly by woman; he has made her a child, that he may have a little brief authority over her. He has not treated her as a rational being. He surrounds her with gewgaws and shows, and occupies her mind with frivolities to keep her little, that his own littleness may appear to better advantage. There are in society certain notions afloat by which the public presume to judge what is feminine and what is not; notions which the mere force of prejudice and custom sustain. Woe to the woman who dares to brave them! If man seldom have the courage to face public opinion, though in a good cause, much less will woman. Folly will, in the end, bring punishment in its train; and so man, injuring woman for the supposed advantages he would reap, has injured himself. It is not uncommon to hear man

say, "I prefer an inferior woman, to a superior one, for my wife." It is the most positive confession of his own littleness. I am ashamed for my own sex. A truly superior woman, will raise a man without letting him feel it; a silly one, will goad him with his inferiority every instant. A man, who knows his own worth, should not be ashamed to acknowledge woman's superiority, if she be superior; for by so doing he elevates himself. Do we not degrade humanity when, instead of raising the inferior part of it, we bring down the superior to the same level; and thus in place of at least one helper, we make them both low? He, who has once tasted the pleasure of the society of the equal and gifted, cannot long for that of his inferiors. Woman should be made free and equal to man; and reciprocal generosity should be the measure of their respective deserts. To restrict her within narrower bounds than nature points out, is doing an injustice both to her and ourselves. I cannot conceive of a situation in which she can lose her worth, if she knows how to preserve her dignity and act in a proper spirit. It is spirit that shapes matter, that gives life and meaning to all things. Let woman, then, be guided but by a right spirit, and all that she may do, will become her, and be right. We must remember that the soul of things lies always beneath their surface; to that soul only must we look. If not man's generosity, the interest of humanity rightly understood, should make him anxious that woman should enjoy

equal rights and freedom, and that she should not be made so dependent on him as she is now. By this I mean, that when man acts in his sphere alone, he should consider himself as the representative of complete humanity; that he should not enact laws, authorize practices, or propound opinions injurious to woman; for her interest is his. Nature has not made her man's rival, but a copartner of the same interest. Let her be free, unshackled by irrational customs, habits and opinions, and she will find her sphere within her instinct as a mother, and trust to man for the rest. This is the only condition by which nature limits her physical and moral capacities. The farther she removes from this condition, the nearer she approaches man's qualities. Woman, as a mother, will find that she cannot spend her life-energies in violent physical or mental efforts as man does, without bringing serious consequences upon herself and her offspring; and she will also learn, that slothfulness, be it physical or mental, will likewise draw upon her its evils. To know then whether woman's conduct is within her sphere or not, we must consider its bearing upon her as a mother, both in a physical and moral sense; whether it be ruinous to her energies of life or not. This is the only way man is allowed to measure her liberty, and ascertain and enforce her duties. Of this important truth, both the defenders of her rights, and the public, are heedless; and so both talk to no purpose.

Rud. How often do we pass carelessly by things

that are full of meaning! I might have seen this subject in the same light you do, had I but reflected. Henceforth my motto shall be, "Look, strain your eyes to see, be they ever so imperfect, for time and your effort shall strengthen them; mistrust your sight that you may be induced to return once more upon your path, and with each day your perception shall grow keener." We all have eyes to see and ears to hear, yet how few do either! And all this on account of our sluggishness, or for want of internal effort, to rouse and direct our mental energies. I have always opposed the notions that people commonly have, of what is woman's sphere, for I thought them arbitrary; but I could not sustain my position by a satisfactory argument, which I ascribe to my carelessness of observation rather than to want of ability. Now, when you present me the subject in question in its true light, I am able to see the whole bearing of your assertions. I could make each of your ideas, just expressed, a text to dilate upon, so full of meaning is your concise view of the matter in hand. I am delighted to see that you support your position by the physiological truth of the mode of which nature makes use, in the distribution of the energies of life. Now, if you please, proceed with your account of the Stanleys. If you have nothing more to say upon their individual character, I should like to take a glance at their domestic concerns. What manner of beauty does their domestic life present? This is the touch-stone that tries man's worth.

CHAPTER XVI.

Con. I have been fortunate enough to spend a few weeks of a summer at Mr. Stanley's; so I feel able to give you a tolerably correct sketch of their domestic enjoyments. He who so earnestly seeks the true, the good, and the beautiful, in every step of his life, as Mr. Stanley does, cannot but carry the same spirit even into the least of his family arrangements. Knowing him, you will perceive the harmony there is between him and the things with which he surrounds himself: all is but a projection of his own mind. To triflers all is trifling; but to the earnest, even the trifles of human life have their relative importance. Of what account is life to a thinking man, if it be not all of his own substance; if he must live other people's forms, unintelligible to him? Certainly Mr. Stanley would not be the one to be pleased with such a lot; he whose constant purpose is to write down his thoughts in living deeds. His moral courage and worldly means, put him above the reach of ever-meddling public opinion, which he is in the habit of comparing to a quarrelsome old woman, who is displeased with every thing that does not square with her notions. He is not, however, more odd than reality is in the eyes of the sham, and beauty in the sight of ugliness. To live within his means, but not to use them exclusive-

ly for his own benefit, is the rule of Mr. Stanley's life. If we have an eye for it, we shall see that all things around us, some more, some less, teem with moral influence, the guage of which is good taste. He who exerts his taste to concentrate this influence, as far as it lies in his power, is a benefactor to his fellow-beings. After man's absolute wants are provided for, it is more important to him to receive spiritual than material benefits. He, then, who knows how to time these benefits, is a true benefactor ; and such is Mr. Stanley. His fine houses and gardens are not so many exhibitions of vulgar pride and ostentation, to gratify *self*, but one accessible temple, where a pure soul can take a spiritual draught of bliss. There is no show, no parade ; but harmony adorns, and elegant simplicity stamps all. There, in every nook, you will see a reflected ray of his poetic genius, for every thing there has its place, its object, as it has its idea. He may be truly said to live poetry—the highest life, for he moulds matter to his ever conceptive genius. At the approach to his mansion, situated on the brow of a hill, thickly wooded, on the north and west sides, and open to the morning rays of the sun, that come to dance on the rippling waters of a modest brook at the foot, the simple elegance of this spacious edifice, harmonizing with the beauty of the rural scene around, gives one the impression, that this is the abode of no mean spirit. And on passing his threshold, one cannot but perceive the life-quickenning atmosphere

which he begins to inhale; so much every thing there conspires to awaken his slumbering soul. Thus Mr. Stanley's gratification of a refined taste is consecrated, by his aiming at the same time at the elevation of others; for his constant practice is, to give to whatever good that benefits him, the widest influence on others. But this is not the only proof that he understands the true purposes of life, and the worth of the means that a kind Providence has placed at his disposal.

People generally think that they are remarkably generous and human, when they are ready to give alms to the poor, while their heart and house are shut to those who are not included in this category. But Mr. Stanley differs from them. He says that all men have equal, though different claims, upon his abilities and means, and he must attend to them all; wisdom, however, is necessary to appreciate their relative importance. The generosity that wells from the very depths of one's heart, benefits with its sweet waters all who approach, according to their deserts. Hospitality is but one of the many streams that issues freely from this noble fountain. If I were allowed to distinguish him on this account, I would put on his mansion's portico, this inscription: "Enter stranger, hospitality dwells here." This is the first of social virtues, around which all others are apt to cluster; its absence makes even the genuineness of its sisters suspicious. The rule of his house is, that he who crosses its threshold, should be pleased

with himself and its inmates; and none of his household are inclined to swerve from it, but moved by the same spirit of kindness, all act in concert. On entering Mr. Stanley's house, there is always some one of his family to receive the guest gladly. Not unfrequently, Mr. Stanley himself, with an inviting smile, meets the comer at the door; Mrs. Stanley, self possessed, rises from her seat, and gracefully extending her hand to him, drops a few sweet words of welcome, and their children salute him also with a flattering expression of gladness. In your reception there is not that stiff and cold formality that chills you to the very marrow, while it exhibits the host or hostess to no great advantage; but grace, ease, and appropriate manner, assure you of your being welcome. And so, at once, you feel at home, and they make a considerable advance upon your affections and esteem. Thus a few minutes show that you are in the company of polished people. There is much in the first moment of meeting. At this time, if you have some skill in unmasking man's character, you can often read one half of the individual's private history. Or, at least, if there be much nobleness in him, you cannot fail of noticing it; as in the case of the Stanleys, whose agreeable conversation, and insinuating manners, captivate you irresistibly. They all have a peculiar tact at conversation; you can listen to them for hours, and, if not instructed, you will be certainly pleased. I hold that this tact can be acquired by almost all,

and it should be studied as an indispensable part of good-breeding. In addition to good sense, one must have fine sense, and be self-possessed and kindly disposed towards his companions, and then the first object at hand may prove to him an agreeable source of conversation; gossip and weather, however, must be excepted; for they are fit food for only little people and vacant minds. It is the distinguishing peculiarity of Holy-brood, that these refined topics are never there introduced; and if some tyro in manners bring them in, he is skillfully, though abruptly, thrown out of his track.

CHAPTER XVII.

During my stay at Mr. Stanley's, I have seen, heard, and enjoyed much; more than I can communicate to you. I have seen there all professions; lawyers, divines, physicians, artists, politicians, military men, artisans, and simple farmers; gentlemen of leisure, and professed scholars; I have heard and talked politics, religion, arts, sciences, and philosophy; I have enjoyed the company of high-bred and handsome women, and listened to their winning words and charming strains of music. And now, when contrasted with the present, all this appears like a fairy land in the distance, scarcely credi-

ble to have once been reality. Such is our nature ! The past and the future always appear more fascinating and grand than the present. We were not made for the present. Eternity for man has only the past and future ; for the present is only God's—his eternal now. The actual moment of enjoyment falls not under our cognizance till it is past. Life at Holy-brood appears like a rich kaleidoscope, full of ever changing colors, ever spell-bound to the same centre—the master-spirit of the host. All professions lose their *esprit de corps* when they come within his magic circle ; equally related to each other, they stand as men upon the broad platform of intrinsic worth. The divine abates his arrogance and cant, and sees that he has something to learn from the laity, and must rebuke their vices lovingly ; the scholar leaves his pedantry and adorns himself with true elegance and grace ; the lawyer finds that the spirit of law is all in all, and not the letter ; the physician is clean of his essences, and professional, unmeaning jargon : the soldier does not forget to be a good citizen ; the artist keeps in sight the noble and the ideal ; the tradesman subdues his excessive love of gain ; the politician governs himself only by pure patriotism ; and thus they all, fashioned by a generous spirit, assimilate and expand each other's knowledge and sympathies, making a delightful circle of well-bred men. It is a true pleasure to Mr. Stanley to live amidst and seek after such men. He who has talent joined to moral worth,

good breeding, and the desire of improvement, has an unfailing recommendation to the good graces of this noble man. To many of such he has extended a helping hand, regardless of name or country; for with him, worth is of heavenly parentage, superior to all earthly distinctions.

To me the social intercourse at his mansion appears, as the nearest approximation to that of heavenly spirits; for harmony and freedom are its characteristics. But harmony and freedom, in social intercourse mean, with the Stanleys, an unrestrained flow of feelings to the utmost bounds of reason, and a submissive deference to its supreme laws. Here, all are put on a level, yet all are studious to render each their due regard without suffering in their respective dignity. There is neither arrogance of purse, nor conceit of intellect to offend one; for good-breeding, fuses, so to speak, the whole company into a refined democracy. Even women, who are naturally very fearful of contamination, do not turn up their pretty noses at their neighbors, who happen not to roll in splendid carriages. This proves, satisfactorily, that even they, when well-bred, can have the good sense to see that polished manners and intellect are the only distinctions which God permits in society rightly constituted. The fair sex are held at Holy-brood, in precisely the same esteem as men; both are under mutual obligations towards each other. This is the only true way of refining them both, and making them respect each

other. An ill-bred woman has no more claim upon man's respect or consideration, than a man of a like character. Respect should not be the price of hereditary, but of acquired merit. If a woman strive not to deserve it, man should withhold it from her. It is such an understanding of these equal obligations, that makes the women that meet at Mrs. Stanley's so polite and agreeable. They come to please others, and so they are pleased in their turn; for each man, who deserves the name, would be ashamed not to do his part. Politeness is a plant that grows luxuriantly only when watered from the well of our neighbor, otherwise its growth is stunted. One kind act on the part of one, elicits another from him who receives it. All this seems to be well understood by the company who visit Holy-brood. I never met with a more fascinating set of people than they who frequent that mansion. Polish, ease and kindness, are inseparable, with them. There, you never see sexes assorted like black and white sheep, but they mingle promiscuously in a general conversation, into which each one throws his mite; and thus the common stock becomes rich, varied and lively. Wit and merry laughter fly like electric sparks around their joyous circle. Perfect freedom of opinion is considered there a sacred right of each individual; and no one is allowed to take offence, if another express his own views of things, as long as he does it earnestly and respectfully. Freedom of opinion is the palladium of truth, and the charm of social inter-

course; while restraint upon it, fosters hypocrisy and falsehood, and blasts all the pleasure of society.

By way of atonement, I must confess to you, that I have seen some things there, which, at first, shocked my English prejudices, but, in the end, gained my approval. When a stranger happens to come with some friend of the family, he is only introduced to the host and hostess, but not to any of the guests that may be present. However, he is perfectly at his ease, and the company without ceremony enter with him into conversation, as if they had known him for some time, and make themselves agreeable to him. They do not shun new acquaintances, but seem to court them; and so the stranger can scarcely help imagining himself among his old friends. And if, afterwards, they meet him elsewhere, they are glad to recognize him, unless he has proved himself an exceptionable companion. Paying due regard, and making ourselves entertaining to each one of the company we happen to meet, is showing proper respect for the host; the reverse of this conduct, besides being discreditable to ourselves, is an insult to him.

Another thing, that attracted my notice, is the mode of entering and leaving the room. There is no calling the role of the names of the company present, and nodding to each one. The guest walks in with a graceful bow and goes to the hostess and host to salute them in the usual manner, then bows to the left and right to the company, who acknowl-

edge his salutation. On leaving the room he goes to the lady and gentleman of the house to bid them good-bye, and then with a general bow he does the same to the company. Women, who enter, without leaning on a man's arm, go through with this ceremony in the same way. Thus woman has an opportunity to display her ease and grace, if she possess them; if not, she is constrained to acquire them both. The family take particular care, that those who are for the first time in their house should receive due attention.

CHAPTER XVIII.

It is the opinion at Holy-brood, that women should be excluded from none of the social amusements of men; for when the sexes freely mingle, the former acquire self-possession and ease, and develope their powers of pleasing, and the latter are studious of the proprieties of language and manner, and, besides, both gain in information and in goodness of heart. That frequent precursor of gross revelry—the practice of excluding women after the cloth is removed, is not in fashion at Mr. Stanley's. Thus the joviality of the company is not diminished, but purified. Here, it is not thought that whatever is

English, is good; and hence English fashions and habits receive no preference, unless they be more rational than others. Mr. Stanley believes even that the nation would be more happy, if they would disenthral themselves from their English predilections. Each nation has a right to its own fashions and habits, provided they be rational and refined. But all customs should spring from the condition and wants of a people. While we should be slow in adopting those practices of another nation which are not congenial with our situation, we ought to be ready to follow those that are so, if they be better than our own. As when passing through a field, burs, of themselves, cling to us fast, while we must take some pains to pick roses; so is it with bad and good habits, in traversing the field of life. Effort and discrimination are necessary to appropriate and assimilate the latter, and to eradicate and shake off the former.

According to these notions is the mode of life at Holy-brood regulated; for rationality is the touchstone of everything there. Their occupations and amusements are suited to time and their wants. To preserve his physical well-being, Mr. Stanley conforms his habits to the designs of nature, and never turns night into day. He would be ashamed to say that he dines at eight in the evening; but he sups about that time, for his temperate repasts are at six hours apart. To preserve proper equilibrium between the body and the mind, he alternates his

mental labors with physical exercise, and prefers to retire with bodily rather than mental fatigue; which he does at an hour before midnight at least; in consideration that some rest before that time is the most refreshing to the system. He also shuns sloth and anxiety; for he maintains that activity and cheerfulness are the sources of mental and physical vigor. At Holy-brood, occupation is not over estimated, nor pleasure undervalued; consequently its inmates are neither idlers, nor that pitiable class of drudges, who busy themselves, not unlike moles, in heaps of earthly cares, and cannot sustain their life when out of them. He who lives only to accumulate earthly goods, defaces God's image imprinted on his soul. We are not created to toil like the beast of burden, under the rule of a hard master, nor to pursue continually mere pleasure. The truly wise course is, to mingle labor with pleasure; but neither should ever absorb our faculties. Many vices are justly ascribed to idleness; but many also may be traced to excessive or rather misdirected industry. He whose soul is parched with covetousness for the things of this world, for their own sake, may be as vicious as he who constantly hunts after sensual pleasures; the difference between them consists only in the variety, not in the amount of vice. It should be considered as discreditable to be irrationally laborious, as to be idle; and as meritorious to be rationally idle, as to be industrious. Labor and pleasure are designed to enhance each other's value, but either,

alone, tends to debase the human soul. All pleasure is evanescent, for it has no aim beyond the present moment, and the excitement it produces in us is too tumultuous to endure long. But well-ordered occupations, keeping an end in view before us, feed gently the hope of success, and thus make toil less wearisome, and it becomes light, if occasionally relieved by some pleasure. These are the reasons for which we should seek occupation and pleasure, each for the sake of the other, giving, however, preponderance to the former; and these are the means to keep the soul and body in a healthy condition.

Such being the views entertained at Holy-brood, tedium of life is not known there. Mr. Stanley's affairs do not consume the whole of his time, but he has leisure for intercourse with his friends, and for his intellectual pursuits. While he sees that his income flows through its usual channels, he is desirous to enjoy it with those around him. He does not live for the enjoyment of ostentation, as many do, but for the real pleasure of the society of his fellow-men. He is always happy to entertain company at his hospitable board. There is usually at his table a spare cover for a guest, whom he may invite unknown to his wife. He says, if a friend should unexpectedly come, he should be willing to fare in the way we do; as for enemies, they will not come. But why should one be discontented with his recep-

tion, when he finds order, neatness, and kind hearts? Those little dinner-parties, and evening amusements, which are occasionally given at Holy-brood, are the most pleasant things of the sort to be found anywhere; for there is so much ease, grace and freedom, so much true social intercourse. Nor are those accidental meetings less agreeable, when chance brings a few people together. With some, soulless formality usurps the place of politeness and hospitality, but, with the Stanleys, the forms of polished society retain their original meaning; for they are so many symbols of their excellence of heart. Their politeness has the merit of forethought; it anticipates one's wishes; and their courteousness is free of the air of condescension. What is particularly interesting to me is, to see even the younger children impressed with the duty of making themselves agreeable to their parents' company. Mrs. Stanley, to make her house pleasant to her children, and especially to keep her sons from the temptation of bad company, likes to have young people come in the evening, and then she contrives for them some games in which even the elder join with pleasure. She thinks that very precise, or, as she calls it, *starched up* decorum of years, is but a sorry counterfeit of true dignity; and she cannot understand why there should ever be any objection on the part of the elder to enter into the innocent amusements of youth. Happy is he whose spirits do not grow rigid with

years! Thus, Mrs. Stanley, making herself beloved by all, renders her house a school for lofty sentiments and refined manners for the young, and a delightful place of resort for all talent.

CHAPTER XIX.

Of the many well-cultivated men, whom I have seen at Holy-brood, I shall make you acquainted with one, not for his culture, but for his enthusiasm in behalf of some very singular views of his own. Mr. Drygrass, a young lawyer of sanguine temperament, endowed with no more than common abilities, joined to a recklessness of opinion, wishes to spin out of his single brain, the solution of the destinies of the world. The contrast he presents, to all around him, may be likened to the appearance of a rhinoceros in the midst of antelopes. Deficient in grace, and fineness of feeling, he has yet enough of good-nature to be allied to noble spirits. He seems to possess all the faculties necessary to adapt means to ends, only that his aims are not very lofty; as he does not conceive a higher object to be attained than acquisition of wealth. His capacities are those which can ensure him success to his wishes, and which, in the eyes of the vulgar, constitute smartness. Deli-

cacy of feeling can never be an obstacle to him in reaching for the dollar. He takes great interest in religious subjects, and is a very forward speculator. He hopes that, through his speculations, he will be able to bring about a reconciliation between God and Mammon; and thus prove himself the greatest benefactor to the world, which stands in great need of an anodyne for its conscience. Unlike Mr. Stanley, (who, also aware of the moral degradation of the race, yet treats every one as an honest man, till he is convinced of the contrary,) Mr. Dry-grass piques himself on his wisdom in adopting for the rule of his social intercourse, that despicable maxim, "treat a man as a rogue till he proves himself to be honest." He is evidently desirous of distinction; for his vanity often betrays what he wishes others should think him to be. His envy of all eminence frequently makes him appear very ridiculous. Holy-brood is frequented by foreigners, and naturally the merits of various countries are there freely discussed, as Mr. Stanley takes interest in other nations besides his own. On such occasions, Mr. Dry-grass invariably construes the praise of a foreign land into the blame of his native one; as if it were not with nations, as with individuals, of whom none are perfect, yet all may possess some good quality. And if a foreigner's merit receives its due acknowledgment from the generous Stanley, he seems to think that so much is taken from his own deserts. He does not understand the beauty of Mr. Stanley's

sentiment, so concisely expressed, that gentlemen, although of various climes, are of one country, and must be treated with equal distinction and justice. Misunderstanding true independence, he confounds the polish of good society with servility of manner, and so he frequently errs on the side of vulgarity. Born of rich parents, he believes himself to be entitled to the distinction due to a well-bred man, and is irritated if he be taken for what he really is. Full of his own importance, he puts on airs, and thinks himself high-born. In fine, he is a gentleman only so far as the skill of the tailor can make him one. He is, however, considered a highly respectable man, as he never committed any crime, and attends regularly to divine service, every Sunday, twice a day.

You will wonder how such a man could have access to Mr. Stanley's house. An accident brought him there, and as he showed some partiality for the society at Holy-brood, he was not excluded from it, in hope that his roughness in time would become smoothed, if not polished away. He possesses some good qualities, and his faults must be rather ascribed to his deficient education, than to the inborn vice of his nature. Mr. Stanley wished long to test the truth of the saying, that "it takes three generations to make a gentleman;" and now an opportunity being presented, in the person of Mr. Drygrass, he endeavors to use his influence with the view to effect this desirable change in the young lawyer. His pa-

rents, illiterate, although able to read and write, had nothing to value themselves upon but their wealth, which, commanding such a high respect from the motley crowd, made them think that the perfection of man consists in outward decency of conduct, in loud professions of respect for Christianity without love for it, and in shrewdness in the management of one's worldly affairs. At this perfection they aimed, and they rejoiced to see their son, as he grew up, approach so near the mark.

Notwithstanding all that, Mr. Stanley hopes to make of Mr. Drygrass a little better man than his parents have left him. He sees already some improvement. He occasionally is a little ashamed of his excessive eagerness for getting money, and even affects generosity. Trades-people begin to wonder, that he does not beat them down in their prices so much as he used to do. This change must be owing to Mr. Stanley, who has the greatest horror and contempt of meanness in money-matters; he can excuse all vices but that one. Meanness is the very lowness itself; there is nothing below it. A well-bred man prefers to suffer rather than to show the slightest shade of this vice; he never forgets that gold, when overvalued, becomes the blackest dust that can soil an honorable man's character. Mr. Stanley's rule of trade is, that one party should be willing to pay liberally, and the other should not be too exacting. Mr. Drygrass used to frequent low companies of wealthy young men, who live without

any noble aim, only to organize clubs for the purpose of carousing ; but now he does not. Although this is a great step towards reform, and a good ground for the hope of better things from Mr. Dry-grass, yet, it seems to me, he may go but little farther and then stop, unless he resolve to follow lovingly the beautiful, the good, and the true. Until he does that, he can have no noble aim to live for ; he cannot rise above the level of every day men ; and his assumption of the title of a gentleman will be mere arrogance, if not mockery of what is high-minded. It cannot be denied, that every man, of however low an origin he may come, may possess all the qualities necessary to make himself the noblest, and may become so. But if he be of high parentage, (I mean of the cultivated and refined,) he is put at once by birth at an eminence from which the summit of perfection is less distant, and consequently he is surer of attaining it. In the first case, puny objects intercept and limit his view, and he must ever struggle to raise himself above them ; and thus, frequently, he spends his strength before he reaches a sufficiently commanding point. In the second instance he is, from his cradle, accustomed to survey, like an eagle, a wide horizon, in which small objects disappear, and great ones grow daily more familiar ; and, like the bird-king, he revels in a free and exhilarating atmosphere. The qualities which a man receives at birth, are tinged with the peculiarities of his parents, and, more or less, modified by the circum-

stances under which he may happen to grow up. As golden ore must pass through fire, before it is purified of its native dross, so must man, if he be low-born, cleanse himself of all the impurities of his lineage by the ordeal of constant efforts to reach the height of nobleness. As the shoot of a luxuriant tree, whose roots penetrate deep into the rich soil, possesses the fine qualities of its parent stem, so man, if he be high-born, inherits, under favorable circumstances, the fine qualities of the heart and mind that grace his sires. And, indeed, how could it be otherwise? If the fine qualities of the race could not be ever ripening under culture and in successive generations, then all the rational hopes of progress must be given up. Very few men, of themselves, can, like a rocket, shoot up from the ground, high into the skies, to be the wonder and admiration of those below. We know but one Shakspeare who so rose, and whom the race must recognize as the only true Prince of the blood. But, to common men, external helps are of great consequence in their attempts to scale eminence.

CHAPTER XX.

For these reasons I do not entertain high hopes of Mr. Drygrass, as he manifests no warm love for nobleness, and as he has to contend with the disadvantage of low birth. The downward or upward direction that parents may take, too often determines the course of their children. It is, therefore, important for them to know, that we cannot put on, at pleasure, the apparel of true gentility; we must grow up in it.

There are other means, which may be more successful than any, in elevating Mr. Drygrass's nature, and which Mr. Stanley seems not to heed. If the daughter's charms should have no effect, I doubt whether the fathers's efforts can avail much. In the presence of Isabella, he is like wax that can be shaped at will—so plastic does he grow under the influence of her eyes. It must be confessed, that man's sternness of character quails before the potency of woman's eye; and that nothing rebukes him more powerfully, than nobleness personified in a woman. Nature teaches woman how to disguise her tender passion, and so not unfrequently kindness becomes the veil of love. It is difficult, therefore, to tell which is which, in a given case, if we judge merely by appearances. Whether the interest she shows for Mr. Drygrass, is to be ascribed to her

usual kindness, or to a stronger inclination, I am not able to say; but the safest conclusion would be to assign it to both. What worthy of her, she sees in him, is more than I can tell. Woman's heart is a riddle, the solution of which requires more skill than I can command. However this may be, she is sensible of her power over the young man, and she exercises it for his benefit; I am certain of this much in this matter, that, unless he rise up to her, he will never be able to call her his own; for she will not descend to him. Love is a mighty, all-consuming flame, and it may yet fire even the clumsy block of opaque matter into crystalline transparency. If this should be effected, his religious difference would not be in his way. Mrs. Stanley says, that love has its own creed, which is capable of harmonizing all religious creeds, that may be professed by sincere and enlightened minds.

Whether he will fulfill Mr. Stanley's wishes, I will not venture to predict; but I doubt not he will be somewhat purified by the influence of the mother and daughter. As the morning dew embalms even the ungainly thistle with a sweet and refreshing scent, so woman's influence, when used firmly, gently, and aright, embalms the perverse heart of a man with something heavenly. Woman can fashion our childhood, and she can soften our rigid manhood; if, then, man be ill-bred, she must lay it to herself.

Thus much I have told you of Mr. Drygrass, and

yet have not stated some of his singular notions to which I have alluded. Once, when he had a favorable opportunity to display his views, he thus commenced: "Our thoughts are the shadows of realities, existing either immediately around us, or in the immensity of the universe. As a cloud in its passage across the zenith is reflected in pellucid waters below, so realities at times are mirrored in the human mind. All human conceptions are types of truths, of realities existing in the boundless space of nature. And so, whatever you conceive, is true to you, and it has its existence somewhere, besides in your mind. So all poetic fancies have their being. This appears to me to be incontrovertible; for spirit is active, but matter is only passive; then all manifestations are true, for they are of spirit. This being conceded, as it must be, it would be enough to support my opinion in respect to the mode of the dissolution of the world. I shall bring, however, other arguments in its support. We know that nothing is lost in nature; matter continually changes the relation of its parts, and yet exists still the same, although under ever new phases. What is now but a particle of stone, may soon enter into the substance of a plant; then into that of an animal, or even of a man; and thus keep ascending and descending through the whole chain of the creation. The whole mass of matter of our earth, must first pass through the changes of the highest form of existence, before it accomplishes its circle. Man is that highest

form : and so the destinies of the world shall not be accomplished, till the particles composing it pass through the organic changes of the human body. When that is completed, then each individual spirit, the offspring of the Almighty Spirit, at the bidding of the Highest, shall take up its former earthly receptacle ; and thus this whole world metamorphosing, will vanish in an instant, and its space will be occupied by these newly-attired spirits, presenting themselves before the tribunal of God. The number of spirits, of course, must be limited to the quantity of matter which this earth can furnish for their bodies. If we could know the weight of the globe, and the quantity of matter necessary to clothe each spirit with flesh, we could easily calculate their numbers. The end must be connected with the beginning, for the beginning naturally proposes to itself an end ; and thus a beginning is merged in its end, making one whole destiny of a thing. Thus, in the ultimate destiny of the world, its whole past history is involved. Its mode of dissolution, therefore, comprises all in relation to this earthly existence of ours ; and, in explaining its phenomena, we must not lose sight of this fact.

Thus briefly have I sketched the substance of my views, which I hope, if I live long, to develope in detail at some future period of my life."

Thus Mr. Drygrass concluded, with his countenance lighted up by self-complacency. I understand he is now engaged in composing an epic poem, enti-

tled "*The Eternal Dance of Atoms*," where he intends to unfold his views fully. I suppose he hopes to give us a complete system of the laws of nature.

CHAPTER XXI.

I am tolerant of all opinions, when maintained sincerely and without conceit. But conceit tires my patience as much as modesty pleases me. Yet I do not understand speaking of one's self with great humility, to be modesty; it is an untruth. What is commonly called modesty, is nothing more than burning incense at the shrine of the hearer's littleness, in order to propitiate his favorable opinion. An honest man of sense, if required, can speak frankly of his own merits without arrogance. Can we suppose, that a great man, who must be a good judge of the merits of others, is incapable of forming a just estimate of himself? This would be denying him sense, the very thing for which he is supposed to be remarkable. One need not seek an occasion to deliver his opinion of himself, but, if it be necessary, as an upright man, he must speak of himself with candor, avoiding, however, exaggeration. True worth is always loth to thrust its merits upon others; but, if

it be undervalued, it has a right to speak in its own behalf.

Mr. Drygrass is one of that class of men, somewhat numerous at present, who think they can solve, by the unaided light of their own minds, any question in philosophy or religion. With sacrilegious hands they lay hold of every thing that is esteemed sacred among men. Although I have no regard for any antiquated authority, that does not rest its claims on reason, yet it is painful to me to see young men, who have scarcely left their nurses leading-strings, impiously assail opinions merely because they are of ancient repute. Some, with ill-furnished minds, others with barren hearts, embark in search of truth! What presumption, what impiety! The first of all requisites, in looking after truth, is purity of heart; then an enlightened mind. But we cannot always attain truth by the light of our own mind; we must also study what others have thought. As it is easier for us to ascend an eminence by a flight of steps, built by other than our own hands, and then add a step more to command a still wider view, than to perform all this labor by ourselves; so is it easier in the world of thought, after running over those of others, to add one of our own, and thus place ourselves at a still shorter distance from truth, than to reach it by the efforts of our single mind. If we disclaim the use of the labors of others, then we must expect to remain ever mere beginners in knowledge. Other men's thoughts, if studied, impart a vigor to

our own, by which we are enabled to discover more easily the weak side of a question. The rashness of these young speculators is not greater than that of an unfledged swallow would be, which would leave its nest, perched on a lofty cliff, to assert its freedom. They seem also to lack a balance-wheel to regulate their minds. When inflated with one idea, they rush headlong to its utmost consequences; for it grows in their heads to the total exclusion of all others. They can see but one thing at a time, for their mental vision is so limited, and they come so close to a subject, that its extent always reaches beyond their usual circle. A clear-sighted mind, perceives that the laws of nature are like the warp and woof in a texture; they cross and recross each other, and though apparently mutually limited, still the same threads run through the whole. Thus, in following out a particular truth, we must not overlook the fact, that it may be limited or modified by some other one, although never severed from the rest.

While I speak against those heedless speculators, I do not assail the spirit of independent inquiry. Freedom of thought is as necessary to the growth of the soul, as the free inhalation of the air to the health of the body. Truth can luxuriate only in freedom. But, while aiming at freedom, we must beware of licentiousness, lest we fall victims to our passions. Press onward, yet press ever with a cautious step. Mistrust of one's own powers is the proof of wisdom, while anxiety for progress is the

token of nobleness of soul; these, both combined, will most surely lead one to the fulfillment of glorious hopes.

The last, though not the least prominent peculiarity of these men is, their constant striving at originality, which not unfrequently makes them fall into absurdities. Mistaking often the meaning of true originality, they miss their mark. What is more original than the *uncommon thing*, common sense? The cultivation of it is the only path which leads to an originality worth possessing. What is the highest genius, if not common sense extended to all departments of human knowledge? Partial genius is a partial application of the same to a particular knowledge. What perceives fitness of things in the ordinary course of life, will, if borne to higher regions, perceive the same there; and there will reveal to the ordinary minds, beauties after beauties, whose vastness is known only to God. Common sense, then, appreciates the fitness of things, or beauty of truth, in ordinary life; genius takes cognizance of the beauty of an individual truth, and its fitness to all others in a higher sphere. Genius, then, is but more expanded common sense, and its originality is but a farther reaching career in the discovery of universal beauty and the connexion of all truths. But common sense, without losing its general characteristics, becomes individual, and thus looks upon all things from its particular position; and hence its originality, or the individual coloring of the objects which

it may happen to contemplate. Precisely the same kind of originality does genius manifest, only in a higher degree, or on more lofty themes.

The human mind can take cognizance of but a few things; consequently there will be but very few, who will be so favored as to discover remarkably new truth; the rest of mankind must live, from generation to generation, on the same ideas, only differently served up. We then have no right to expect, from the greatest minds, any other originality than that which consists in breathing a new life into old ideas—the life of an individual mind. Goëthe, (though not in precisely the same words,) defines genius to be the mind that assimilates all to itself, and then reproduces it anew. This definition appears to me to be correct, and it corresponds with the view I take, of common sense, genius, and originality. He who cultivates his common sense will, in the end, find himself possessed of a greater fund of originality, than he who catches at novelty, mistaking it for originality. Novelty is of doubtful connexion, while originality is always related to truth. Novelty is ephemeral; originality is as enduring as truth itself.

But enough of Mr. Drygrass and his like. I leave to you to make such farther comments upon the man, as the incongruous naturalness of his character can suggest to you. These principal traits are amply sufficient, I am sure, to furnish you with materials for reflection. I prefer to return to the house,

where I found Mr. Drygrass, and report to you the conversation which naturally followed, after he stated his views, as it will show you, in a new aspect, him in whom you are so much interested.

CHAPTER XXII.

Some one of the company present, expressed his fears that our literature would suffer from these half-crude notions that are fast crowding within its precincts. Constrain not, said Mr. Stanley, the activity of intellect, of which you complain, but rather endeavor to direct it as far as lies in your power. Trust to truth alone, for it shall prevail even against man. Truth, like the sun, may be clouded for a while, unto the darkness even, but sooner or later it brings again its day-light to men, to show that God has not abandoned his creatures. As the chaff is driven before the wind, so all novelties are borne on the current of time into oblivion; but truth, like the grain, falls to the ground, takes root and flourishes. So does time purify literature.

Literature is a temple, the portals of which are thrown open to all worshippers; the faithful and the pharasaical. On its altars all may burn their sacrifices; but the flames of sincere offerings only ascend

heavenward, for they are kindled by celestial fire. He who frequents this temple, to burn devoutly his offerings, finds a healing balsam for the wounds that the pitiless world may inflict. There you can commune with the spirits of our greatest sires with perfect freedom. Dante, Shakspeare, and the fantastic giant Jean Paul Richter, will welcome you as if you were their bosom friend. Many lesser spirits will crowd around you, all courting your friendship. Many come there to inscribe their names on the walls; but the sweeping hand of time touches them with its finger, and all that are unworthy, disappear like cobwebs; only the elect remain. But who are the elect? The great, who heed not the clamors of the present; who do not throw sweet though poisoned morsels to the self-idolizing public, to feed its morbid appetite, but who dare to live and speak their own honest convictions in despite of its opinions; who cast the bread of their own life on the distant waters of the future, that coming generations may not hunger after spiritual food. Sing, ye sincere hearts, from the depths of your purity, regardless equally of the applause and the frown of the present! Your songs, like the shepherd's voice in the majestic Alps, shall reëcho a thousand times in the hearts of posterity.

Literature is the biography of the inner man, faithfully recorded by the race. His joys, his sorrows, and even his hopes are put down there, as individuals and nations pass off the stage of life. To

him, who knows how to study it, it is replete with wisdom to direct his life-career. Happy is he who has early acquired a taste for it! for it will be a solace to him, even when all the other stars of his life sink below the horizon. When the chill of age shall repel from him his worldly friends; when his eyes shall look with indifference upon the scenes around him, still he may withdraw into the dominion of literature, and there bury the body alive, that the spirit may live, and be as happy as it is possible for its longing nature to be. For, after all, is there any greater happiness for a rational being, than the enjoyment of thought, produced by himself or others? It is illimitable, imperishable, while all other enjoyments are short-lived and alloyed with pain. Thought must be the enjoyment of heavenly spirits; and if man may presume to surmise the pleasures of Divinity itself, it is God's enjoyment also. God's thought is creative; but that of his creatures is divining only his creation, and in so much creative also—creative of the shadow of God's realities. He, among men, who creates anew most, enjoys most; and he is the greatest among them whose thoughts are the greatest. Mark only a great man's thoughts, and see in what grandeur they will appear to you. With one effort he creates so luminous a thought, that it developes itself in a thousand shades. He shows you only a parent thought, but you perceive, if you have eyes, in the back ground, its numerous progeny in attendance. You can take it, and with the help of your

own light, you can bring this retiring brood into the fore-ground, that common minds may gaze upon them also. Such is the peculiarity of great minds; and this is the only true standard by which intellectual greatness should be measured. Only such men live for posterity, while the numerous tribe of babblers, whose words are hollow sounds, die with the gossip of a day. In our times, when we boast so much of printing, these prattlers may be said to live in a golden era, for the printing-press can keep up with the volubility of their tongues; and there is no greater pleasure to some minds than being heard. We have too much printing. Once it was a blessing, but now it is fast becoming a curse; for our minds suffer from the surfeit of raw materials, which the press throws in haste upon our literary tables. It is not the quantity, but the quality of food that nourishes the soul. We read much, but our reading is worth little. Now and then a precious book comes out, but the most precious often lie on shelves, garnished profusely with dust and cobwebs.

The course of the wise, at all times, is to make the best of the circumstances of the present moment; so, while we cannot control this flood of printing, we must endure it, and exercise our discrimination in the choice of reading. We live amidst the deafening clamor of literary mountebanks, who, crying up their tinsel wares, dupe the indiscriminating, and win "golden opinions" of the public; while the true man, shrouded in modesty, waits in seclusion till

more generous posterity calls him to a seat among the peers of the past. Such has been the fate of our greatest spirits. Posterity is the only court of errors to which true merit can safely appeal. There, false glitter fades; party distinctions, and sectarian predilections weigh naught. But it is in vain to declaim against mountebanks, for they are an indestructible race; they have always flourished, and they ever will; not unlike grass that ever renews itself after being mowed down. The only way of diminishing their number, is to increase that of sincere men, true lovers of literature. This, however, is a work of time and perseverance. Inspire the young, while yet their hearts gush with generous sentiments, with love for literature for its own sake, and not for the sake of utilitarian views. If man's pursuits are to be valued by no higher standard than that of mere utility, then he may surely become a luxurious brute. In literature, one should see something which can administer to his higher wants, and which he must approach in purity of heart. To the true lover of it, devotion to literature is synonymous with striving at perfection; for he considers it to be the crucible for the purification of the human heart, at the bottom of which freedom, faith, and goodness, are kept as the *residuum* of the noble metal. How delightful is it to see a man moulded by the highest influences of literature! Noble in intellect, noble in heart, elegant inwardly, elegant outwardly—a truly literary man! Such a man, when contrasted with the oppo-

site species, whose outward and inward roughness is redeemed only by great intellectual powers, is like the brilliant set in gold, to the diamond imbedded in lead. The latter offends us, in spite of its innate noble attributes, the former fascinates and illumines. If the young be imbued with such sentiments in respect to literature, as they grow mature, we should soon have a sufficient number of worthy literary men, who would unmask the hollow-hearted mountebanks, who, at present, but too often govern public opinion.

In the literature of a society, we always find a more or less correct delineation of its character; for it is, in a measure, the reflection of its mind. The prominent virtues of a society, will give a particular complexion to its literature, as much as their absence may leave it characterless. As there are individuals remarkable for possessing no characteristic features, there may be societies of this description, and hence their literature must be of the same cast. When literature is at its zenith, it mirrors the loftiest of social virtues. The highest virtues of society, as such, are the capacity for friendship, the love of freedom, and patriotism. These are the most energetic of noble motives, that can actuate the human heart; and when the soul is possessed by these emotions, it carves for itself in eternity an imperishable monument of its greatness. If a nation be capable of displaying, in her actual life, these lofty qualities in an eminent degree, her literature will be sur-

rounded with the halo of these gems of the heart. Then literature may be said to have reached the pinnacle of glory, and the nation become the denizen of the race. I know no literature, no nation, that can in all respects claim this distinction ; there are, however, some that have a partial title to such a preëminence. English literature, for instance, has this partial title to distinction ; for it is strongly marked by the spirit of freedom. As the Anglo-Saxons were the first to commence the battle of freedom of the race, in the van of all nations, their literature breathes the spirit of manly independence, that defies all satanic powers, that would trample upon the worth and dignity of man. For this noble trait alone, I am willing to overlook its faults ; it may be well called the nursery of freedom. The battle of the freedom of the race is, however, not won ; much human blood must yet be sacrificed to the demon of power, and literature has yet much to do to help the happy issue, that sooner or later must come. If the Anglo-Saxons had the spirit of the master, whose banner they would persuade the world they follow, and knew their power, and would neither lend it nor use it themselves, to enchain other nations as they now do, the race would gain the battle sooner and at less cost.

The distinction, which should characterize literature, is not easily attainable, if ever, unless man is ameliorated. Indeed, this idea would even appear to many to be Utopian ; for what does the world know

of friendship, freedom, or patriotism? Nothing more than what selfishness, or, to be more polite, prudence can suggest.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Friendship is the genial heat that warms the soul under all the blasting trials of life. Is there any thing more interesting than two steadfast friends, journeying through the perilous path of life? Storms may beat upon them, and sunshine may be nigh to scorch their souls; selfishness may attempt to blind them, and envy would arm their hands; yet, as an arrow true to its course gains its goal, so they, side by side, without ever crossing each other's path, keep the straight and parallel line to their journey's end. True friendship in this life is the symbol of the eternal union of pure spirits in the life to come. It is a chain which encircles two souls, and which, however, is capable of yielding to an indefinite number, if each new comer know its mystic spell. A friend makes sacrifices for another, without a murmur, and each new trial draws closer the sympathetic knot that binds them. Prosperity or reverse of fortune, are mere accidents in his eyes, and count nought; for he looks at the worth of the inner man.

A man's soul is to his friend like the unruffled surface of clear water, in which he sees a reflected image of himself, although no other can see it.

Friend and friendship are on the lips of every one, and yet but few understand their import. It is sacrilege to use one of the most sacred things without comprehending its meaning. All would claim the title of a friend, yet few would be willing to pay its price. He who values friendship above all terrestrial things, is slow to break, as he is slow to enter into its bonds. The friendships which the world daily witnesses, are mere cobweb-ties made by the accident of following the same career of business, pleasure, or vice. True friends live in mutual trust and generous sacrifice—things the world utterly ignores. Mean spirits are incapable of true friendships; for this requires great, high-minded souls. Friendship is so rare a thing in the world, because great men are extremely uncommon. Great men are heroes, and friendship may become the highest form of heroism. Although friendship, in the case of the two sexes, may be love, yet there is this difference between them: love often is blind-folded, but friendship keeps her eyes wide open, and has always the sanction of reason for her shield. Friendship does not require an entire similitude of character, it only demands one central point of contact; high-mindedness is that point. If high-mindedness unite, then, friends may be steadfast to each other, although in all else they may differ. When I see a

youth seeking friendship with discrimination, I foresee the nobleness of his manhood ; for this sentiment is an efficient purifier of the human heart. If parents would fan and direct the pure flame of friendship in youth, they would raise a stronger bulwark against vice, than all the written moral codes put together.

In man's breast, a strong feeling, after a struggle, always succeeds in the end in finding its utterance. Friendship thus understood, would find its way into life, and thence into literature, where it would assume its appropriate form. The same may be said of patriotism.

CHAPTER XXIV.

Patriotism, with contracted hearts, means nothing more than selfishness applied to the concerns of a nation. Such a patriotism is a heathen, but not a Christian virtue. The patriotism of a generous soul is lawful self-love, regulating the affairs of state. Such a patriotism does not make us require the ruin of another nation, that ours may be aggrandized. It demands justice for itself and others ; for it sees, in all nations, equal fellow-beings. It does not condescend to low tricks to over-reach, and never takes advantage of the misfortunes of another nation ;

for it shrinks from building its own happiness upon the misery of others; it prefers to elevate others to its own level, rather than to degrade them in order that itself may seem higher. It makes us ready to repel the aggressors of our country; but, that done, it constrains the victorious arm. It contemns the wily politician, (sometimes dignified by the name of statesman,) who thinks that by his cunning he can secure the happiness of virtue, and the peace of society. True patriotism inspires us, if need be, with willingness to sacrifice on the altar of our country, our property and our lives. It makes us desire that one part of our countrymen should not oppress another, but that the protection of the law should be extended equally to all, and that the interests of all should be impartially consulted. Although it makes us willing to abandon a part of our rights, for the sake of the harmony of all, yet it renders us jealous if an arrogant majority presume to retrench capriciously the inalienable rights of an individual; for justice to each and to all, is its standard measure of our obligations to our country.

Patriotism, while it commands to love our country, does not require of us blindness to its faults; on the contrary, it incites us to see and reprobate the vices and follies of our countrymen, to warn them of the dangers into which their party-spirit may plunge the nation, and to show that the love of party is not the love of country. As a lover does not care to prove by arguments, either to others

or to himself, that his beloved deserves his admiration, so a true patriot loves his country, not because it may be superior to others, but because it is his own. If it be not high in the scale of excellence, he assiduously labors for its elevation; and if it be superior to other nations, he rejoices, but is not vain-glorious of its superiority. Anxious to know his country's faults, as well as its virtues, a true patriot does not shut his ear entirely to what its enemies may have to say, for he is aware that he can frequently learn more truth from the mouth of an enemy, than from a partial friend; and in this way he arrives at a more just appreciation of it. Indeed, it may be asserted to be universally true, that, after taking one look at ourselves with our own eyes, we shall see ourselves better, if we borrow our neighbor's glasses to take another.

To love one's country does not mean to hate or think slightly of others; nor does it mean to make parade of its virtues on all occasions. He who is vain of his country, appears as ridiculous as he who is vain of his parentage; and as the latter does little credit to his family, so the former to his nation. There is a time, however, when a man is permitted to be proud of his country; but then he speaks of it affectionately, respectfully, and not extravagantly; and thus he will be sure to win his hearers' respect for both himself and his native land. A true patriot knows no party, for he studies the interests of his country regardless of party. He who cherishes in

his breast party-feeling, is a traitor to his country. To live and to die for his native land, is the only glory that a patriot covets.

As a good and wise father is more anxious to elevate the intellects and improve the hearts of his children, than to endow them with earthly possessions, so a patriot, if the affairs of state be committed to his charge, labors more for the spiritual than for the material elevation of his people. He has a lofty idea of perfection, and strives to realize it in his nation. In framing laws, he never loses sight of that idea; and thus he weighs deliberately their spiritual tendency. In this respect the ancient lawgivers were much wiser than our modern legislators; for the former, unskillfully as they sometimes aimed, yet had the merit of having some definite point to reach; but the latter, it seems to me, go on legislating at random, always expressing more solicitude for the animal than for the soul of a nation.

Indeed, notwithstanding the experience of ages, mankind manifest very little wisdom in the administration of their state affairs. We know not yet, what is the best government; what is the best policy, foreign and domestic; what are the duties of a legislator, or what is the object of laws, and the obligations of a citizen. For many ages nations were taught by political quacks, that cunning is the true wisdom of a statesman, that selfishness is the preserving principle of national existence; and hence they are believed, and people act according to the

precepts of their masters. What is the policy of nations, if not a tissue of falsehoods from beginning to end? Hollow professions of amity, crafty designs, blustering protestations, breaches of promises, characterize the intercourse of nations; all of which is enough to make an individual the wiliest of villains, but in nations, it is called virtue and wisdom! What does diplomacy mean, if not skill in deceiving nations? All this flows from the falsity of fundamental principles. It is imagined that the code of morals for national intercourse is different from that which is required for the intercourse of individuals. This is the fatal mistake that too often leads to wars, and brings calamities upon nations. The people must not look for peace and happiness until the identity of the laws that bind an individual, with those that prescribe the course of conduct for nations, be recognized. Although this begins to be felt, yet it is far from being acted out. The policy of nations is far from being straight; it is crooked and often even involuted, and, like the Gordian knot, can be unraveled only by the sword; this, sooner or later, must be done by the sword of freedom.

Taking the simplest principles, love and justice, for guides, it seems to me, it is possible to delineate a form of government, prescribe its conduct, and point out the duties of a citizen with the greatest ease possible, although ages have not been able to accomplish this task. Nations have not yet acted

fully upon these principles, either towards each other, or towards their own citizens. What individuals are to a family, families are to a nation; for they grow like the root that shoots into the stem and branches, till they become a solid oak, with wide-spread boughs. A well-regulated family is, in my estimation, the prototype of a well-governed nation; as its affectionate members are that of worthy citizens. The duties, which a citizen owes to his family and to his country, are nothing more than the duties which he owes to himself and to his family, only extended to their farthest limit; they are like an extension of the rays proceeding from the same focus. As it is a pleasant duty to an affectionate father to promote the happiness of his family, so is it agreeable to a worthy citizen to devote himself to the weal of his country. The outward form of government may vary to suit the wants and capacities of its people, as fashions in dress change to suit the taste and convenience of the wearer; but the spirit of its parental duties is ever the same, although it is seldom consulted, even by the most enlightened nations.

It is according to these views, that I consider that the *honorable* love of one's self and family, when extended to one's country, becomes patriotism, the glorious virtue capable of exalting one's life. It is such a patriotism that makes one steer steadfastly his course, enlightened by principles, amidst the din of parties, regardless of their clamors of inconsis-

tency. What a folly to think that a sincere and enlightened man, can go with a party! A party may go with him, but he seldom with it. He never changes; he pursues the light of principles, which never misleads, although now it is out of sight of one party, and now of the other. A party is never clear-sighted; it grows blind as it becomes a party. As the mariner obeys his compass, so a true man changes his position according to the light of principles that each coming day may throw upon his path. He is consistent with himself, although he may not appear so to the short-sighted; for he follows the same immutable guide, the force of divine light, promised to each earnest heart. It is such patriotism as this, that should mould and animate literature, which, breathing a new life into each coming generation, would lead nations to the love of the true, the good, and the beautiful.

CHAPTER XXV.

The human soul is ever craving after something which is beyond the power of expression; now it is the beautiful, now the true, and then the good; now all this, and now neither, but something still higher. She puts forth her energies to find this inexpressible

something, in the outward world, in literature—the world of thought—and her longings are but partially appeased. She is then driven back upon herself to seek peace in faith that nourishes hope, in love that warms, in charity that endures, in freedom that expands. Man finds, at last, that he cannot rest at ease, unless he is born in faith, baptized by love, confirmed by charity, and rocked in freedom.

With the dawn of his intellect, man begins to learn his weakness; the outward overpowers his senses with its mysteriousness. The howling wind, the roaring cataract, whispers to him aloud of some hidden power which he cannot comprehend. He asks of the woods whence they came; of the brook, who traced its course; of the mountains, who reared them so proudly; of the rocks, who rivetted them in their base; and none answer him. He interrogates nature, whence does *he* come, and whether does he go; did he spring from the earth's bosom like the blade of grass, and, like it, must he perish? All is mute; nature is deaf to his inquiries. He grows confused, he seeks a safe anchorage, and he totters; for all seems to recede from beneath his feet. Finally, exhausted, he abandons himself, and is ready to sink into nothing. When thus made passive, and bewildered, he hears a voice; "Arise and stand up! the Power above has not abandoned you." The voice of faith rouses him. He now finds his moorings; faith alone is his anchor, with which alone he can ride the storms of doubt and

despondency. The weak light of reason now flashes, and now grows dim, and his path fades away from before him. Faith alone leads him through this black chasm, till he sees again the glimmer of light playing at a distance; but soon it vanishes once more, and he is again left to his trusty guide. Thus does man grope along the path of life!

Reason would use its understanding to build systems, and convert them into one complete whole; but it soon ascertains its incapacity for the task. It cannot look into the depth of nature, nor survey its breadth and height; it cannot penetrate into the counsels of God. What do those Divine Doctors, who hammer systems and creeds out of their thick skulls, for the vulgar to accept, know? Conceit only makes the difference between them; otherwise they are equal. The wisest succeed in learning that they are as foolish as the most of men. Fling your systems away, but light your faith by reason as much as you can. Set down each fact you behold in the light you see it, caring not whether they are connected or not. There may be a time when you shall see their connection; but, if not, rest assured that God has connected them, although you do not know how. Meanwhile let your faith fill up the intervening space which you call their isolation. Faith is the sustenance of the soul. You may learn this from the comparison of the lives of the libertine and the good. When faith is overlaid by ignorance, man is prone to superstition; yet this

proneness proves that faith is the essential element of the human soul, as it never dies. Faith is the beacon of the race. But faith must go with her sister, love—love for God and man.

Faith is the interpreter, love is the fulfillment of the law. He, who walks in faith and love, walks securely and with a radiant countenance. God will entrust him with some of his mysteries. They who have faith and love, and live by them, be they foolish or wise, are on the same level in the sight of God; for wisdom resolves itself into faith, and love and ignorance is redeemed by them. Thus the foolish and the wise are led through the same entrance into the presence of the Creator. This is a proof of His unspeakable goodness; for, what could the great mass of men, who are enveloped in ignorance, hope? Faith and love illumine their path, although they cannot account for their light scientifically. They do not reason about it. In fact there is no reasoning concerning it. Man, who feels these religious sentiments, cares not for reasoning. The wisest, when they attempt to explain them, lose themselves in the confusion of their ideas. Blessed be God, that neither the present nor the future happiness of man depends on the expounders of His will!

But faith and love must be accompanied by charity, for she testifies to the genuineness of her sisters. Charity makes us look with compassion upon the follies and vices of the race, without, however, pal-

liating them. Charity overcomes the wicked by mildness. Charity is winning, not imperative. She is not arrogant; she does not dare to pronounce upon the demerits of a weak creature; she leaves it to God, who knows the secrets of the heart. She condemns not, for she is not made a judge, but a guide. Charity invites us, but leaves us free to follow her or not; for she knows that freedom is the essential condition of merit. But of freedom, as of charity, we have yet much to learn.

The spirit of persecution for opinion's sake, has not been drowned in the flood of blood, which it has once shed; it is alive even now, only it has put on a new garb, and changed its appetite. It is a melancholy proof of human weakness! Ages are not enough to teach mankind the reason of the difference of opinion amongst men! Priests and kings thought themselves divinely authorized to prescribe and demand a uniformity of opinion among their people, in matters of religion! If they, and not the heart of mankind, were the only guardians of truth and religion, God would have to abdicate his throne, and religion flee into deserts; for falsehood would reign over this world. It is indeed ridiculous to see one require freedom for himself, and yet not be willing that his neighbors should enjoy it also. People think that *their* wisdom will keep them from the dangers incident to freedom; but their neighbors, poor souls! may succumb. If you be faithful to truth yourself, rest assured that you cannot render

your neighbor a better service; for, keeping yourself from the evils of license, you guard him from them also.

Why did God give each of us a head of our own to guide and direct our movements? He might have given mankind one universal director, if he wished we should think all alike without the least deviation. Indeed, he has given each of us the capacity of recognizing truth, but yet he is pleased to graduate that capacity. If our physical and moral man were perfect, we should think more alike; but since our physical organizations are so variously imperfect, our moral constitutions are modified by them; and hence, unavoidably, must follow the difference of of opinions, which is still increased by good or bad education. Here is then the ground upon which each of us has the right of demanding and defending the privilege of the freedom of thought, granted to us by nature. All that we have a right to require of each other, is the sincerity of convictions. Sincerity is the only check which God has laid upon our spiritual freedom, and by which only man must be judged in matters of opinion. Such sincerity, joined to unexceptionable purity of conduct, exempts man from all human tribunals.

All men are able to understand the essential points of moral obligations upon which the order and happiness of society depends; and all are bound to submit to them without reserve. If men avoid these duties, society has a right to call them to account,

on the ground of injuries done to it. But, strange to say, it is not these men who have to expiate their conduct; it is those who dare to think for themselves, that have to bear the ire of the public, although their life may sometimes be spotless!

The best and wisest of men agree as to the course of life to be followed, but they differ in their speculative opinions. Should not this fact teach us humility and forbearance? The way of the heart is plainly pointed out to us all, but that of the head is left rough and indefinite. It is, therefore, more important that the heart be right than the head. If we are capable of watching the painful process of the change of opinions in our own bosoms, we may learn to treat tenderly the thought-lacerated hearts of others. It is an instinctive impulse with man to assert his freedom of body and mind; and this instinct may be subdued, yet never annihilated, by the force of outward circumstances. Acting force calls forth reacting resistance. And thus many minds, who would acquiesce in received opinions, resist them, because of their being forced upon them, caring more for the privilege of free thought than for the justness of those opinions. Leave man free to walk alone on the path of thought, and he will soon enough look, like a child, for a support for his tottering gait. Be assured that it is a hard and unavoidable lot of each of us to walk alone. Other people's thoughts avail us naught unless they become ours by free adoption. The safety of the race, as

much as of individuals, lies in the free exercise of thought; any attempt at artificial restraint of it, is fraught with danger to both. The public often constitute themselves judges of this freedom, but, unfortunately, they are the least fit to pronounce in matters of opinion; for prejudice and want of reflection, universally characterize their verdicts. An enlightened public should demand of its members a strict uprightness of conduct; but, as for their opinions, they must be left to be judged by the Highest. Man will never be able to attain the height of eminence unless he be free; freedom is the eagle's wing that can carry him thither.

Thus it is that in freedom, through faith, love, and charity, man can attain that inward peace, without which this world is but a den of misery. Then he will find the indissoluble union of the beautiful, the good, and the true, to live which, is to pursue his happiness. Having thus concluded, Mr. Stanley was followed by such remarks from the company present, as were suggested by his ideas, but which it is not important to repeat to you.

CHAPTER XXVI.

I believe I have thus drawn for you Mr. Stanley's portrait in full length. You will not fail to see in it the man whose life is devoted to the praise of his Maker and to the benefit of his fellow-creatures. To seek the ideal and harmonize it into actual life, is his constant effort, as it is his duty and pleasure. There can be no greater satisfaction than the consciousness of having lived a useful life. If any man, certainly he is justly entitled to this satisfaction. His country owes him gratitude; for he is a discriminating seedsman, that from his quiet retreat scatters the seed of civic virtues. His life is like the course of a brook, which, quietly meandering through the plain, imparts its vivifying influence to the green banks. He lives contented, and diffusing contentment around him. He has renounced all ambitious views but one; and that one, how noble! The highest ambition, says he, and that which can be easily gratified, should be to bring up our children in the love of the ideal. This he calls multiplying one's own happiness in his children. That he has thus multiplied his own happiness and secured that of his children, cannot be questioned. He has even guarded them from the reverses of fortune; for, in case of necessity, the skill which each of his

children possesses, in one or other of the fine arts, may enable them to gain an honorable living.

Rud. I grant that, in Mr. Stanley, you have painted in vivid colors, the ideal man; but you have not done it completely; for you have drawn merely the inner man. Now I wish you would sketch him, so that if he should appear in my company for a while, I may be able to identify him at sight. I believe that the outward indicates, more or less, the inward; and, furthermore, I maintain that superior minds should harmonize the outward with the inward. If I perceive a flaw in the outward man, I expect that something must be wrong in the inward. A pleasing exterior, always makes you expect something interesting beneath it. A prepossessing appearance is like a letter of introduction from a friend, with which letter the wisest and the best need not scorn to be provided.

CHAPTER XXVII.

Con. If I understand you aright, you wish to be told of Mr. Stanley's personal appearance, and his manners in social intercourse. It cannot be otherwise, than that all the externals of well-bred people are to be found in Mr. and Mrs. Stanley. I do not

mean to enter upon the details of these externals, but I will endeavor to comply with your request, by a few strokes sufficiently definite, to present to your mind the desired picture. I agree with you, that the externals of a person, (I mean personal appearance and manners in society) are not so trifling as to be disregarded by the greatest minds. They lend an additional charm to inward excellence, and palliate somewhat the deficiencies of inferiority. In approaching a person, they are the first that strike us, favorably or not, and our judgment follows accordingly.

First impressions are the most enduring, and it requires sometimes much effort to efface them from our memory. If they be of an unpleasant kind, the person that caused them may suffer unjustly in our opinion; and yet it may be difficult for us to change it. Indeed, our eyes perform the office of the feelers of the snail, which the animal puts out to ascertain if it can venture any farther. We look, and we pronounce upon the impression which the eyes receive; if they be agreeable, we venture on; if not, we withdraw within ourselves, caring not to correct our judgment. Thus both parties may do injustice to each other; the one by repelling, the other by suffering itself to be repelled.

But there are other motives to induce us to pay attention to these externals. It is one of the social duties to study to administer to the pleasure of oth-

ers ; and an agreeable exterior never fails to please. Again, out of regard to our own dignity, we should be careful not to appear deficient in them. Besides, these very externals, trifling as they may seem, when considered in detail, make one important whole, powerful enough to cause the surface of the social current to flow smoothly. Indeed, they often enable us to make the best out of the worst of our life. What constitutes a pleasant society ? Nothing more nor less than these fascinating externals. The more they are attended to, the more pleasant will be the society ; its wit and genius will be the dearer to us, and even its dullness the more sufferable.

Would you not feel vexed with the artist, who, after finishing the head of a statue with exquisite beauty, in a freak of fancy, left the rest of the marble-block in its clumsy form ? A superior intellect, when not adorned by these charming externals, is in the condition of such a statue, and may cause in us similar sensations. We would blame the artist, who fashioned the intellect, for not adorning it becomingly. The beauty of the head cannot compensate for the striking incongruity. Harmony of parts is the first attribute of all beauty.

But these agreeable externals are not arbitrary ; their absolute ideal lies deep in the soul of man. They, as every thing else that befits man, rest upon the soundest reason ; and reason alone can judge of their naturalness or artificiality, of their beauty or

deformity. Society may establish a false standard of their excellence, which may pass current with unreflecting minds; but, like all shams, it will dissolve before the superior light of reason.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

The absolute ideal of all beauty is one; but it admits of an infinite variety of expressions. Man's genius conceives only its various expressions, without being able to grasp its ultimate essence. Hence the conceptions of genius, while they forsake not variety, yet manifest a tendency to uniformity. The higher genius soars, the more that tendency will be apparent; for the more delicately will the variety of expressions be shaded off.

The same is true of all excellence in man's conduct, and for the same reason. Man's genius, with the absolute ideal, however dimly conceived, before it, strives to preserve a correspondence nearest possible to that ideal, or uniformity; external circumstances, however, decide forcibly upon the peculiarity of the expression of his act. Hence it arises, that the standard of the beautiful, in man's conduct, is one; and that the outward graces of well-bred people are the same, although the peculiarities of

individual minds, together with external circumstances, determine the peculiarities of the expression of those graces. Thus variety issues from uniformity.

You will perceive now, from what I have just said, the difficulties under which I must labor, if I attempt to delineate the outward graces of well-bred people, in order that you may identify Mr. and Mrs. Stanley, at sight, as you desired. I should have to put them in so many shades of light, that either you would be tired of looking at them, or I should expose my want of skill in managing the different lights and shades of social intercourse, in which man may appear. Yet I do not mean to leave your request entirely neglected.

At the first glance of Mr. or Mrs. Stanley, you will perceive something so pleasing in their whole appearance, that you will admire it, without knowing what to call it. But a little reflection will enable you, as with a prism, to separate into distinct rays, this harmony of rain-bow colors, in which they appear. Neatness, elegance, order, harmony; in fine, the good taste of an artist, rather than of a *modisté*, characterize their apparel; and grace, ease, and countenances radiant with intellect, throw their charms over the whole. As a king who, although aware of being attired in his royal vesture, appears regardless of it, and acts as if he wore no dignity, so they, though not ignorant of what they are, yet betray not by their demeanor, a consciousness of superiority. They will, however, fascinate you into an involuntary acknowledgment of it.

They never show particular anxiety to be lost in the crowd, for they are not slave-born; they maintain their individuality in every-thing, only taking care that it shall become them and not offend others. Thus they stand on their own footing, with great dignity and grace, as befits the free-born. If all would do so, society would rid itself of the dead monotony of routine, and gain in varied beauty and harmony. You will find them agreeable in conversation, and never entertaining you with common-place talk. You will be delighted to see them so natural, so easy, and so winning, without any apparent effort on their part. They feel at ease at all times, and they will make you feel so also. They are familiar, yet with so much genuiue delicacy and warmth of heart, that if you have before thought that familiarity must always border on vulgarity, you would change your opinion at once. In company they are accessible to all, and never wrapped up in the *solemnity* of their own individuality. They are ever ready to sacrifice their own ease for others' sake. They can accommodate themselves even to their inferiors, not, however, by letting themselves down, but by raising others, without making them sensible of it. They are particular to give respect to whom respect is due, and they show regard even to the least. They have such a keen perception of the delicate in conduct, that in their company one's feelings are never hurt, in the least, either by word or deed. The charm of their manners is, that they never seem to think of

themselves when in the company of others. In their conversation you will notice that they are free from all bombastic and superlative phrases. Indeed, if they do speak in superlatives, there must be a very good reason for their doing so. They never manifest vulgar amazement, even if they should see something extraordinary. They always appear self-possessed and at ease wherever they go; for they carry with them the element in which they must move. In fine, they understand the *what*, the *how*, and the *when*, of polished society.

CHAPTER XXIX.

These things, and many others, (which cannot be transferred to language, for their shades are so delicate that they vanish the instant you behold them,) constitute the outward graces of Mr. and Mrs. Stanley. These graces are the every-day apparel of well-bred people. They are the vesture of nature's nobility, by which you can distinguish the low from the high. You perceive that all those qualities are not arbitrary, nor can they be confined to the Stanleys alone; others may be adorned by them also. Good-breeding owes not its source to conventionalism; it springs from the very depth of man's heart,

and as he grows better and more enlightened, it widens and extends till it covers the whole circle of his action. As man's feelings grow more refined, and his mental vision more acute, good-breeding becomes more indispensable in social intercourse. Good-breeding, when considered in relation to others, may be distinguished into civility, politeness, and etiquette. Those social ceremonies, which are comprised in etiquette, may differ among different nations, as they must depend, to some extent, upon the genius of a society; and hence they may be said to be more or less arbitrary. Although civility and politeness are mere degrees of the same kind feeling which is due from us to our fellow-beings, yet we must discriminate when to be civil and when polite. Civility is due to all, at all times, and without exception; politeness to those only who do, or are supposed to understand it; for the latter presupposes a higher degree of refinement than the former. To be polite to him who does not understand politeness, is to annoy both him and yourself; for the sake of both, then, we may dispense with it. If one know what politeness is, he can easily divine who understands it. However, it is not easy to fix precisely on the scale of good-breeding, the point where civility terminates and politeness begins; circumstances decide it best. He, who has what we may call the *sixth sense*, or the fine sense, that enables one to perceive the delicate wherever it is to be found, be it in thought, feeling, or act, can know when, how, and

what he is to do; he will equally know what he is to expect from others.

This fine sense is the only touch-stone of good-breeding by which we should test our own manners and those of others. He who is fortunate enough to have well-bred parents, and to keep only good company, cultivates his fine sense almost without any effort; but he, who is deprived of both these advantages, must make a greater exertion to bring his to its due temper. Observations, made upon the well-bred, and his own reflections upon the delicate and elegant in social intercourse, joined to a due regard for others, will enable him to acquire the outward graces of good-breeding. Good sense is the arbiter, in this, as it is in all else. But in aiming at the attainment of the polish of good company, he must avoid becoming the mere automaton of its practices. He must not kill its soul by his own stupidity. The object of the manners and practices of polished society, is to make its intercourse more agreeable, and, at the same time, to guard it against the intrusion of those, who do not make themselves worthy of its privileges. When they fail of this they become worthless, for their soul has departed; they are then the mere frigid skeleton of what should be warm and full of life.

CHAPTER XXX.

Rud. I see you have finished your picture. That you may not think me an uninterested listener, I shall show you that I comprehend your views somewhat, though, it may be, not to their full extent.

When I now bring all the rays of the beautiful, the good, and the true, which you have exhibited to me, into one focus, I see, rising before my mind's eye, perfect humanity, like the image in the magic lantern, issuing from a bright flame into colors of life and beauty. I begin to believe firmly, that the race is capable of progress; and I think that I already see some indications of this onward movement; yet I am far from saying, that man has taken any considerable strides towards the goal of perfection; he has merely put himself in the attitude of walking. The path lies open before him, but it is not free of obstacles; his resolution may yet be shaken, or his courage may abate; his head may grow dizzy with conceit, and thus he may lose the little ground he has gained. Until the love of the true, the good, and the beautiful, be well rooted in his heart, there will be some grounds for apprehension as to his fate. I hold to a complete harmony between man's physical and moral nature, and the outward world. As the tree does not disturb the order of nature, so man should not. External nature was designed to

act upon him, but all its influences are to be recast, if I may so speak, by the peculiarities of his being, into homogeneous humanity. His soul must reflect nature, according to her capabilities; and nature, in her turn, must be emblazoned by the spirit of man. That is the goal which he must reach. That is the completion of the circle. And that is the point on which the first man stood before his fall. It is an absurdity to think that the first man was inferior to us in anything. He succumbed only in the struggle of the two opposing principles of his nature. This struggle has continued, and will continue, through the whole career of the race. But since virtue has received reinforcement of strength from God, it shall conquer its antagonist, and bring the race triumphantly to the point of eminence where the Almighty's hand first placed man. Thus I understand the progress of the race.

When I look over the records of man's history, I perceive that his intellect has evidently advanced; but the physical man has deteriorated very much. Here I see a very serious impediment to his mental progress; for the soul of man is destined to work out her salvation, and to prove her divine character, through the body. The physical weakness of the body, binds down the soul most effectually; for it deprives her of the energies necessary to accomplish her task; the tool becomes dull and unfit for use. The soul lies folded up under the weakness of the body, like the leaf in the bud under the iron grasp of the frost.

There must be a harmony of the bodily energies with those of the soul, to make the character of man complete. The moral Hercules must live in harmony with the physical Hercules, to display, fully, the genius of man. The greatest geniuses among men, had energies of body proportionate to their intellect. I know there were such, also, whose bodies were infirm; but we must remember that the path of those geniuses was narrow. In fact, if I may be allowed the expression, they were one-sided. Universality of capacity was not their attribute. Some circumstance determined the bent of their minds, and the little energy which the body could spare, was directed to that special purpose; and thus they showed themselves superior to others only in some particular attribute of the human soul. Such geniuses are exceptions, proving, however, the general rule to be correct. The children of such men, very often, if not generally, will prove themselves inferior to many of those whose parentage is not so high. This is another proof in favor of my position.

If, again, it may be said that there are many strong-bodied men in whom the animal predominates, this proves only that the soul has received no impulse to action when there was a time for it; and so the animal has overgrown the spirit. But had the soul been roused in due time, the same man would have been different; then the body would have been made an effectual instrument of the soul. I maintain that the old saying, "*mens sana in corpore sano*,"

a healthy mind in a healthy body, is literally true. The many thousand men whom we may daily see, whose energies of body would well bear mental labor, would rise in the scale of intelligent beings could their souls be roused to action. They are such as they are for want of reflection. That is the source of their vices and follies. The senses were given to tempt the soul, and prove her greatness; for she can rise above them, and master them, if she will only spread her wings.

When I shall see, that, while the mind progresses in its career, diseases vanish, and the body becomes robust, and regains, one by one, the lost charms of its primitive beauty, then I will believe that the race is hastening to the goal of perfection. I trust this will take place; but many ages must first pass away. Virtue must first have sway, and, in proportion as vice is driven back to its dark abode, the mind will expand, and the body will be purified of its infirmities. I verily believe that physical evils were, in their very birth, the consequences of moral evils, and now they become strong enough to multiply of themselves, and torture the human frame. And so they can be successfully opposed only by moral and physical good. Virtue, in the broad sense in which Mr. Stanley uses it, is their only triumphant antagonist.

I foresee that medical science will be reformed; its lumber of voluminous nonsense, will have to pass through the crucible of reason and experience.

Thus those bodily infirmities, which must be laid at the door of ignorant practice, will be gradually removed. And by the introduction of sound notions of disease, still other evils will be eradicated by rational practice, while others may be prevented by the knowledge of preserving good health when once possessed. Add to this the effects of the practice of moral virtue, and you will believe that the re-establishment of man, to his original constitution after his fall, is possible and probable. Thus generation after generation may be gaining in moral and physical blessings. Yes, the physician shall understand the infirmities of the body, and the priest those of the soul; and who knows but man may yet be able to live without either of them, for he may himself understand his own case as well as they. - Then man may live long and in the enjoyment of constant health, and die only the natural death—that of old age. He must die, for that is the penalty of his first transgression. When all this comes to pass, and it will come to pass, there will be no litigation between man and man, for there will be no written law. Each will carry his law in his heart, and his word shall be truth. Thus lawyers will pass away, and the law will enter into life. These are the distant events to which the love of the beautiful, the good, and the true, will lead the race. When I dwell upon this triple love, with which you have made me acquainted, humanity rises in my mind's eye, in colossal yet beautiful proportions; it rises like a

giant, whose feet stand firmly on the ground, and whose head disappears in heaven. Each limb is in harmony with itself and with the rest of the body; its individual beauty is not lost, although you scarcely notice it, when wrapped in the contemplation of the whole colossus. So, it seems to me, will it be with each of the human family; their individual interests may be recognized, and yet all may be lost in the interests of humanity. Each of us might be in our places and stations; and, according to our best abilities, we might aim at excellence. Thus universal peace, happiness, and harmony, might be established among the sons of men; heaven would be reconciled to earth, and God would dwell with them. Thus I understand your views, my friend Conrad; and as a mark of my friendship for you, I assure you, that these conversations of yours with me, will constitute a remarkable era in my life, the more pleasant, because it will be always associated with you.

FINIS.

ERRATA.

- Page 19, 5th line from the top, for, he has, *read* she has.
25, 10th line, for him, *read* for it.
31, 6th line, for present, *read* prevent.
41, 20th line, for uxuberance, *read* exuberance.
44, 20th line, for lever, *read* leaven.
45, 23d line, for where, *read* when.
49, 4th line, for untraveled, *read* untravelled.
50, 10th line, for Madona, *read* Madonna.
51, 12th line, for war-beating, *read* war-bearing.
71, 29th line, for respects, *read* suspects.
83, 19th line, for making, *read* enabling.
88, 26th line, for each, *read* such.
90, 12th line, for helper, *read* better.
94, 6th line, for as it lies, *read* as lies.
97, 9th line, for these refined topics, *read* these *refined* topics.
113, 14th line, for fathers's, *read* father's.
114, 12th line, for fire even the clumsy, *read* melt even this clumsy.
117, 7th line, for tires, *read* tries.
119, 12th line, for usual circle, *read* visual circle.
126, 25th line, for are kept, *read* are left.
130, 29th line, for unite, then, *read* unite them.
133, 19th line, for make parade, *read* make a parade.
147, 21st line, for impression, *read* impressions.
150, 23d line, for *modisté*, *read* *modiste*.
158, 22d line, for they become, *read* they are become.

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